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INTERVIEW WITH BILL WALTON

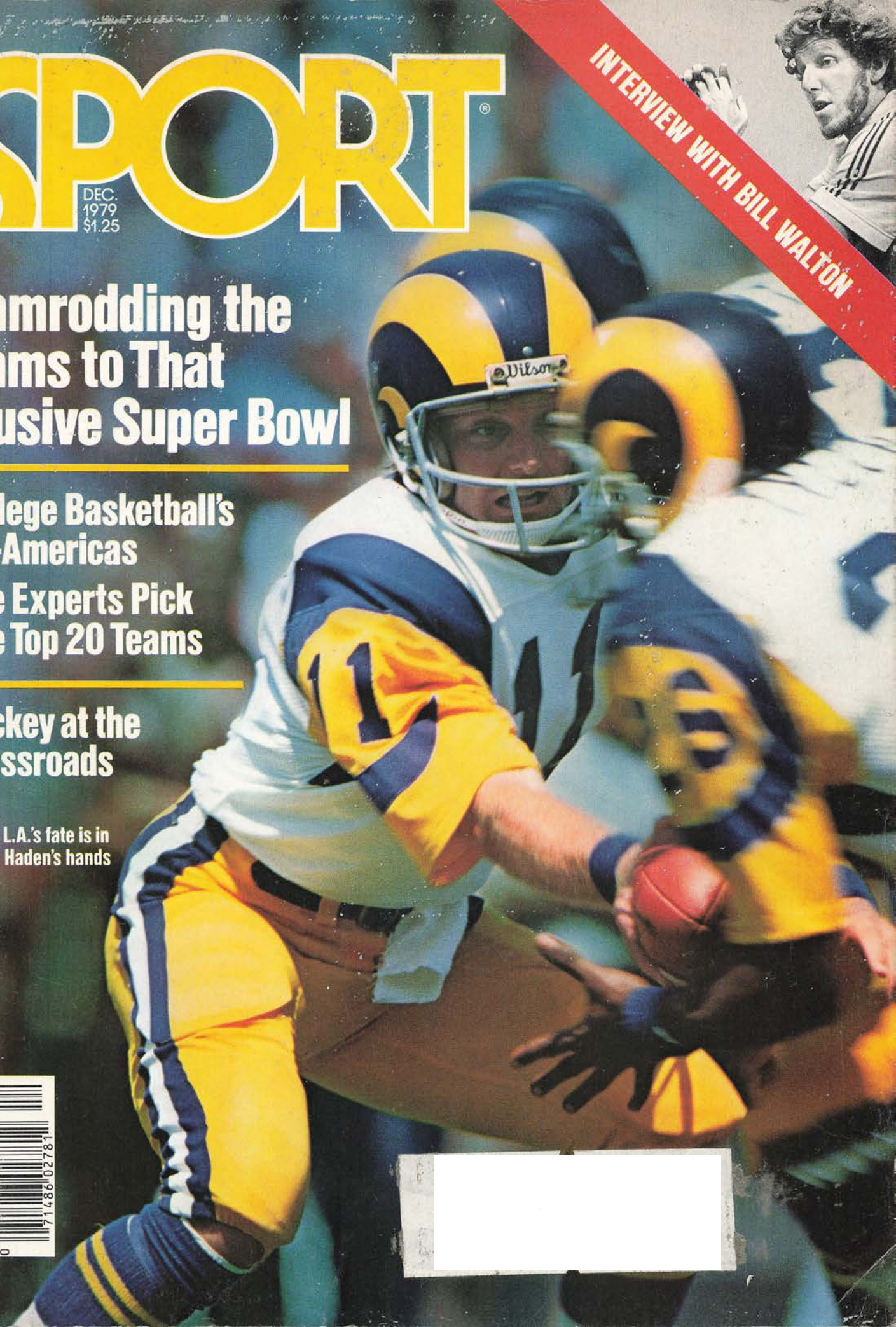
Ramrodding the Rams to That Elusive Super Bowl

College Basketball's All-Americans

The Experts Pick The Top 20 Teams

Hockey at the Crossroads

L.A.'s fate is in Pat Haden's hands





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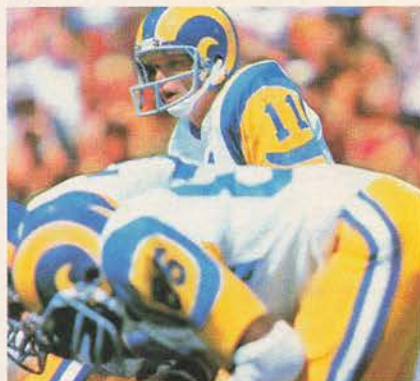
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40



66



22



56

SPORT

DECEMBER 1979 VOL. 69, NO. 6

Contents

17 The SPORT Interview: Bill Walton

"The best center in basketball" looks forward to smooth sailing as a San Diego Clipper. Determined to alter his image as a controversial activist, Bill Walton says, "The NBA is great" by STU BLACK

22 The bridesmaid Los Angeles Rams are counting on Pat Haden, their Bootstrap Quarterback

by JACK HICKS

30 The Little Dictator

Dick Vermeil rode out of the West to coach the bedraggled Eagles to new heights and turn the Philly "boo birds" into cheering mobs

by CHARLES BARNARD

36 Double Trouble in Happy Valley

Matt Millen and Bruce Clark are best buddies off the field and twin terrors on defense for Penn State

by JACK WILKINSON

40 Top 20 Preview: The Title Is Up for Grabs

The new season will be a fabulous show. In the main arena: Tar Heels, Blue Devils, Irish and Wildcats

by RICHARD O'CONNOR

50 They Pay the Price To Be the Best

The college basketball All-Americans, selected by a veteran scout for their NBA potential

by JERRY KRAUSE

56 The rodeo crowd falls quiet, the chute swings open and it's Cowboy Up!

63 Hockey Is on the Hot Seat

Bedazzled by sleek Soviets, spurned by TV execs and faced with a risky expansion plan, the NHL's on thin ice

by STEVE BLOOM

66 Worth Her Skates in Gold

Linda Fratianne's new fire on the ice burns up her competitors—and should dazzle figure-skating judges at the Olympics

by ROBIN FINN

75 A Hard Look at Agents: Part II

The hunt for clients: recruiting or looting?

by STU BLACK

OVERTIME!

9 SPORT Talk

12 Olympic Gold Diggers: Flying High

by ANTHONY SCHMITZ

85 The Doers: Body Works

by PHILIP SINGERMAN

86 Wit's End: Dogging It

by ROGER DIRECTOR

87 The Advisor

by FRANK DONEGAN

88 SPORT Quiz

4 This Month in SPORT

15 SPORT Letters

91 Anniversary: When the Abominable Snowmen Iced Dallas

by JERRY IZENBERG

96 Photo Finish

Cover photographed by Fred Kaplan

Picture Credits on page 72

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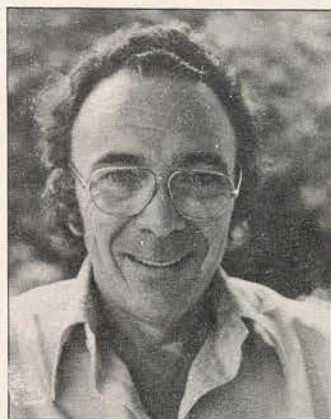


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This Month in Sport

Two of our contributors this month—Charles Barnard and Richard O'Connor—were born 28 years and 200 miles apart. And though they have never met, both men are united by the common bond we all share—a consuming interest in sports.

Barnard was born in Boston and attended Dean Academy, where he was captain of that prep school's soccer team, tended goal for the hockey team



Charles Barnard

and ran distance on the track and field team. Drafted into the army in 1943, Barnard was shipped to the Pacific where he became a reporter on that area's *Stars and Stripes*. His biggest story was his coverage of the first war crimes trial on Kwajalein atoll. After gaining his B.J. at the University of Missouri, Barnard went to work for *True* magazine, eventually becoming its editor. After a stint as senior editor at the *Saturday Evening Post*, he decided to pursue freelance writing full time. Full time, in the past ten years, has produced countless magazine pieces and five books. His most recent one, a first novel titled *It Was A Wonderful Summer For Running Away* (Dodd Mead) won critical acclaim last year.

Barnard's story on Philadelphia Eagles Coach Dick Vermeil was, says the author, a little like meeting a character in a novel. "It was pretty businesslike," Barnard reports, "until he discovered that I had talked to people about his tendency to cry at emotional moments. When I told him that people respected him for it, the steely glare softened. It was a turning point in my interview. I liked him despite the fact that people think he's impossibly straight. There is nothing impossible about his straightness—I am myself and it doesn't bother me." For a perceptive look at what straightness promises to do for a great NFL franchise, see Barnard's profile on page 30.

Richard O'Connor brings some handsome credits and credentials to his 27 years. After winning some regional basketball honors at his Union, N.J. high school, O'Connor enrolled at Duke, where he played guard on one of the country's best basketball teams. He transferred to Fairfield University in Connecticut for his senior year where he averaged 17 points a game and was named an honorable mention All-America. Drafted in the second round by the ABA's San Diego Conquistadors in 1974, he was cut the day before the season's first game. "It was hard to realize that a lifetime of boyhood dreams had come to an end," O'Connor says, "but you have to learn to live with it."

He asked an author friend how he could become a writer. The rest is history—posing as a magazine reporter he assigned himself to a story on the rambunctious Joe Don Looney, whose escapades as a running back for Oklahoma and later the New York Giants, Baltimore Colts, Detroit Lions, Washington Redskins and New Orleans Saints gave new meaning to the man's last name. That story was published by *SPORT* in 1977. O'Connor has been a major contributor ever since, bringing his rich expertise and unlimited access to the inner circles of basketball to bear on just about every aspect of the game and the people in it. We think you'll agree, after you've read his incisive preview of what may be the most exciting season ever. Get your courtside seat—on page 40.



Richard O'Connor

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I've got some advice
For those who've been naughty instead of nice.*

*If you should party into the night,
You may wake up with a headache to fight.
While an upset stomach makes you want to die,
From the turkey, eggnog, and mom's pumpkin pie.*

*So before the children shout in your ear,
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Because it'll work beyond all belief.*

*That's why this season you're likely to hear
This bubbly tune of holiday cheer:*

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LA, LA, LA, AHH."**



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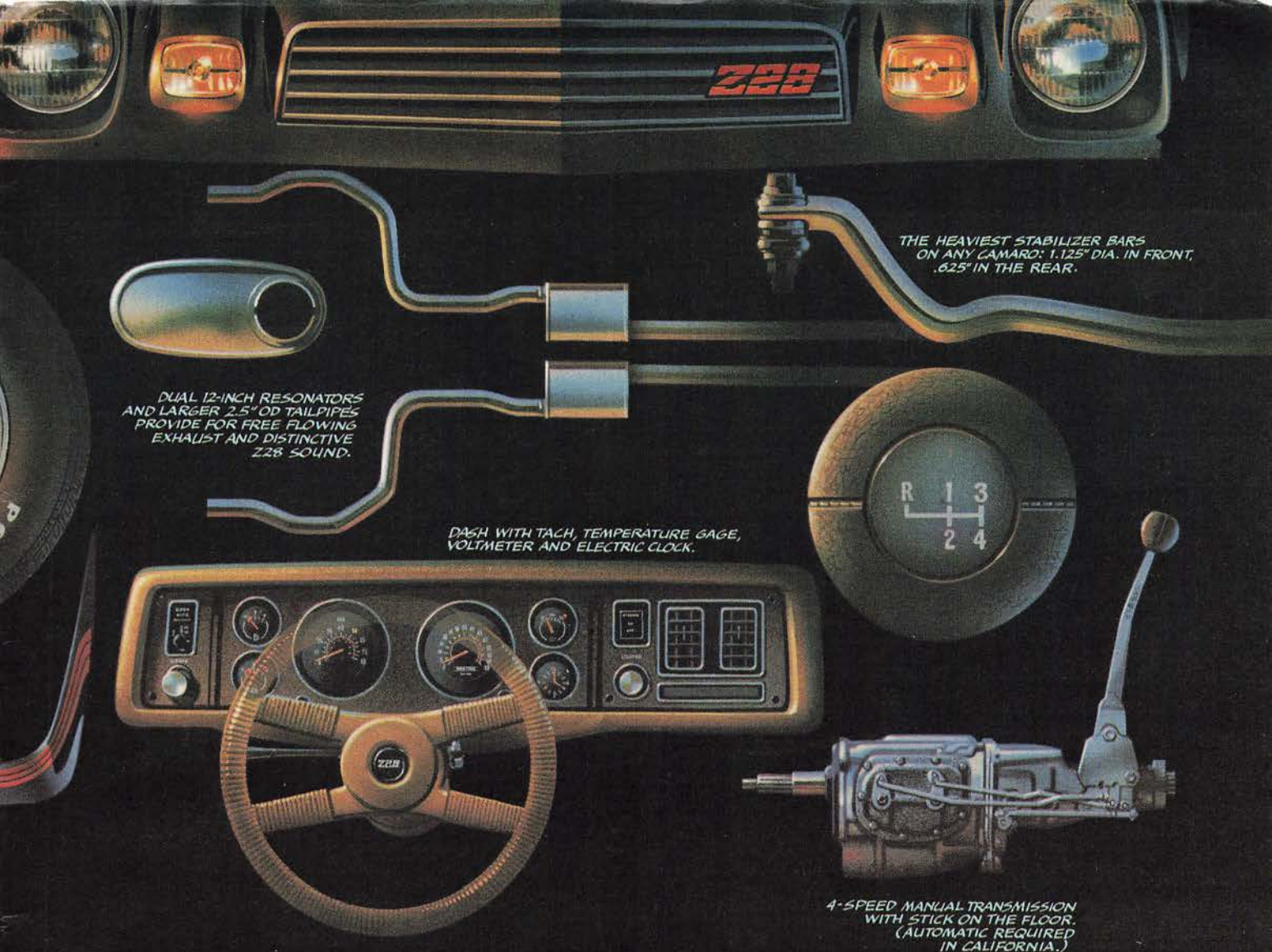
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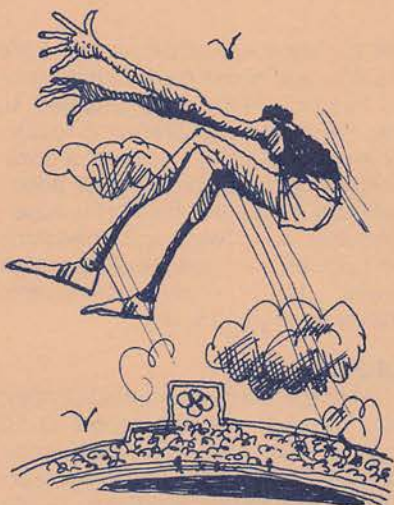
OVERTIME!

SPORT Talk

Keeping Track

Every sport has its record freaks, but you don't need a Ph.D. in physics to follow baseball, football and basketball. In track and field, though, some graduate work would come in handy.

This winter, while the meets move indoors, the track and field experts are



discussing a mind-boggling problem—air. Air velocity and air density, that is, wind and altitude, and how to account most accurately for their effect on performance. Everybody remembers Bob Beamon's long jump in the thin, Mexico City atmosphere in the 1968 Olympics; he leaped 29 feet 2½ inches when no one before or since has even reached 28. At those same Games, sprint records fell in droves and many of the marks set 7,600 feet high in Mexico City still stand, including those set in the men's 100, 200 and 400 meters.

At higher altitudes with lower air pressure, a sprinter encounters less air resistance and times are undeniably faster, but as yet there is no accounting for this in official world-record keeping. As for wind, back in 1936 the International Amateur Athletic Federation set a rule that no race run with a tailwind greater than 2.00 meters per second (mps) could yield a record.

No one's ever been ecstatic about either situation. Bert Nelson, editor of the influential magazine *Track & Field News*, writes that "allowing two mps of wind assistance while disallowing 2.01

is akin to a law that says stealing \$200 is all right but you can't steal \$201." Bob Hersh, who sits on the AAU Records Committee, favors something "a little more sophisticated" than the current wind rule, "a factor that would combine wind reading with altitude." Scientists are working on this factor, but the formulae they're developing read like Albert Einstein's scrap paper.

"It's a very hard thing to get your teeth into," says Bob Giegengack, former Yale and Olympic track coach. Giegengack would have to set into motion any American attempt to do something about this because he is the U.S. representative to the Technical Committee of the IAAF, which would have to rule on the matter. But Giegengack says he's not making any presentation to the Committee (the IAAF meets in West Germany in March) "until I have something concrete in my hand. Scientists have to agree, and when they agree, it has to be in plain English." He agrees that something should be done, but cautions that total precision is impossible. Wind, for instance, is so complicated that for perfect monitoring, "you'd need a professor of physics standing every ten feet doing vector analysis and feeding it into a computer." He has ambivalent feelings, too, about the natural obsession with records and the complications it breeds. Says Giegengack, "Where does it end? Sometimes I feel like saying, 'C'mon, cut it out—let the kids go out there, shoot off a gun and see who gets there first.'"

Ask Bill Lee

Montreal Expos pitcher Bill Lee responds to this month's question: *In October you said that if life were a golf course, we have been shanked. Have we finished the round yet?*

"Yes. We're on the 19th hole, drinking ourselves out of existence."

Send your questions to Bill Lee in care of SPORT, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll print more of his answers next month.

The Race for Justice

On the opening lap of the 1978 Italian Grand Prix at Monza, racing great Ronnie Peterson was involved in a fatal crash that set in motion a year-long investigation into who and/or what caused the accident.

The drivers felt strongly that new-

comer Riccardo Patrese had precipitated the crash by jumping the start. By way of reprimand, the drivers had Patrese banned from the next Formula 1 event, the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. Patrese's suspension was unprecedented in Formula 1 racing.

Some drivers, notably 1978 World Champion Mario Andretti, felt that the starter at Monza, Gianni Restelli, had caused the wreck by starting the race before the field of cars had come to its complete (and requisite) stop. Said Andretti shortly after the Monza accident: "Some starters like to think we're anticipating too much [in the start], so they like to trick us, which is the wrong thing to do. That sort of surprise is what creates very irregular starts, and the start is the most dangerous part of the race."

Other drivers felt that the guardailing Peterson crashed into was badly



located, and that Monza is a dangerous track because of its configuration—the first turn is only one-car wide.

After a year of deliberation, Italian Judge Armando Spataro indicted both Patrese and Restelli on manslaughter charges, in addition to holding them responsible for injuries received by another victim of the accident, Vittorio Brambilla (who took nearly a year to recover from head injuries).

While knowing the cause of a crash is essential to preventing another one, bringing charges against a driver and a race official in this case seems something less than the evenhanded admin-

OVERTIME!

istration of justice. Both Patrese and Restelli (who was replaced for the 1979 Monza race) have learned their lessons, and starting procedures have been made safer. But neither Restelli nor Patrese put the weapon into Peterson's hands. Peterson chose a dangerous occupation in the normal pursuit of which minor mistakes can, unfortunately, become fatal.

Winning with Incompletes

National Football League coaches have always had enormous regard for the pass-completion percentage achieved by their quarterbacks—the thought behind it being that the higher the completion percentage, the more a team controlled the football. But John McKay, coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, has an entirely different perspective on this statistic.

"Passes completed is a statistic that means nothing," McKay says. "In a league like this, my kind of quarterback will never have a 60 percent completion record. I want big plays and points, not completions. You've got to keep throwing deep to make points in this league, and that means a lot of incompletes."

Doug Williams, the Buccaneers' quarterback who led the team to victories in its first five games while completing only 37 percent of his passes, is ideal as far as McKay is concerned.

"Some teams complete a short pass and the crowd cheers, but it's second-and-eight and we've got them where we want them," McKay says. "I want a big-play quarterback, and if Doug Williams continues to listen and learn, he'll become one of the best."

And Vince Lombardi will most certainly spin in his grave.

Hull on Hold

While 21 National Hockey League teams opened the 1979-80 season in October, Bobby Hull, hockey's greatest left wing, sat on his 1,600 acre farm in Elm Creek, Manitoba, Canada, a casualty of the NHL's absorption of four World Hockey Association teams. Hull, who had retired from the Winnipeg Jets early last season after scoring 907 career goals, had hinted that he was willing to end his retirement, but only if he could skate for his former NHL team, the Chicago Black Hawks.

The Black Hawks had reasserted their claim on Hull before last June's expansion draft, but had left him off their protected list, figuring no one would claim a 40-year-old player with a hair weave. Ah, but John Ferguson, the new vice-president and general manager of the



Winnipeg Jets, saw a chance to strike back at the Hawks for taking high-scoring youngsters Terry Ruskowski and Rich Preston off his roster. He claimed Hull from Chicago and held him hostage, bait for dealing with the Hawks or any other team.

"Bobby was the second best player available to us," Fergy says, noting that Hull was not so adverse to returning to Winnipeg at the time of the draft. "We went to the Black Hawks and asked for fair compensation, but they did not want to give us that. We even had a conditional deal already made with the Hartford Whalers, but Bobby told them he wouldn't go play there."

Hull has had trouble with Ferguson before. Fergy, who served eight years as the clenched-fist enforcer of the Montreal Canadiens, once went toe-to-toe with Hull and bested him in a December, 1968, main event in the Montreal Forum.

The two squared off again in their next game early in 1969 on national television. This time, Hull was wearing a makeshift helmet and a football face guard to protect a broken jaw, but that didn't keep Ferguson from tugging away at the face mask to find a good opening to the jaw.

"I've got no problems with John," says Hull from his farm. "What happened then was in the heat of a game. I'd say our relations are cordial."

But Hull thinks Ferguson is using him as a pawn. "I see this as a couple of GMs baring their teeth and armor to justify their positions," Hull says. "This shouldn't have happened anyway. I talked with William Wirtz [Black Hawks president] before the draft and he said everything had been arranged with Winnipeg. He either made a mistake or didn't know what was happening."

So as the hockey season began, the man whose flash gave impetus to the

NHL's coast-to-coast expansion in the late '60s, and whose dash for millions to the fledgling WHA in 1972 fueled an interleague war, was preparing to auction more than half of his herd of prize-winning Poled Herefords. Where Bobby Hull really should be is taking his supersonic tour down wing and unleashing his nuclear slap shot for the Black Hawks, putting wind back into Chicago's sagging sales.

Futures

"What the hell does a retired Olympic skier do when she left school at 16, doesn't have university experience, can't type and all the eligible men are gone?" asks 32-year-old Divina Galica. "I race cars."

Galica, formerly one of England's premier Olympic skiers, competed in the 1964, '68 and '72 Olympics. After switching to racing (her first full season was in 1975), Galica discovered that her background was invaluable. "To go around a corner on skis or in a car is very similar," she says. "Smoothness is important, and you don't slide on skis or in a car; the dynamics are very similar."

Now competing primarily in two British professional series, the Sports 2000 for two-seater sports cars and the Aurora Championship for Formula 1 cars, Galica has also raced throughout Europe. Last season, her impressive skills attracted the attention of former World Champion John Surtees, who invited Galica to be the test driver for his team's Formula 1 cars. Galica should shortly earn a top-level drive. Though racing Formula 1 in the Grand Prix is her ultimate goal, she feels her next step should be the American Indy-car series. "I think I have enough experience for a Champ car," she says. "It may not be quite as demanding as roadcourse racing, there's less shifting and braking."

You concentrate more on setting up the car, not just on driving."

Referring to one of the few professional female racers, Galica says, "Janet Guthrie set out to try to prove something. I'm not doing that. I love the sport, and if I can't race Champ cars, I'll race Super Vees or Mini-Coopers."

Watch for Divina Galica on America's high-speed ovals—we predict she'll soon be chasing the likes of 1979 Indy winner Rick Mears or Bobby and Al Unser . . . or Janet Guthrie.

Experiment in Error

The National Basketball Association last season utilized three-man refereeing crews in an experiment to curtail violence and off-the-ball fouling in the pro game. Although the experiment was a success, it was abolished this year.



That's both a shame—in view of what most basketball experts agree is the need for three refs—and an object lesson in poor organization and planning by the league.

According to Norm Drucker, the NBA's supervisor of officials, the NBA had no organized training program for the 12 new refs so they could function smoothly with the veterans. And, according to retired referee Richie Powers, the league "could not make up its mind on how to use the third referee." During the season, the league apportioned floor assignments three different ways, causing officiating foulups and problems for the crews.

Finally the league, which had been wary lest the third ref slow down the games by whistling too many infrac-

tions, claimed that the miniscule increase in calls (less than one percent last year) showed that the cost of the extra man—about \$500,000—wasn't really worth it. Presumably it had been the year before. In the end, that extra expense doomed the league's experiment to improve its game.

The NBA's new experiment this year has revived the ABA's old three-point play, which should inject some needed excitement into the game. This move is as welcome to basketball fans as the third official was. We hope the NBA doesn't let this improvement dribble away, too.

Wise Words from Orr

Following the National Hockey League's long-sought merger/expansion with the World Hockey Association (see "Hockey Is on the Hot Seat," page 63), nothing is more important to the NHL than improving its tarnished image. The league took a commendable step in the right direction when it recently named Bobby Orr, acclaimed as the greatest player in hockey history, as Special Assistant to President John A. Ziegler. Orr will be responsible for outlining a program "which will seek to encourage more young people to participate in the game and to improve the skills of those who do."

The Hall of Fame defenseman is anxious to help. "I hate to hear people say uncomplimentary things about hockey," Orr says. "Even though I feel that the game is no more violent now than it was ten years ago, maybe it's time the league tried to show North American parents that this game isn't a violent one. We must tone down the violence because there just aren't as many kids playing hockey as there should be, especially in the States."

Words of wisdom, Bobby. You are off to a good start.

Said and Done

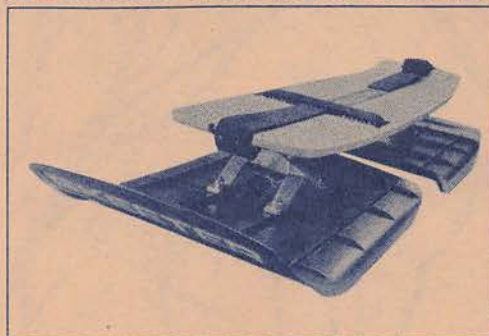
□ Italian hammer-thrower Gianpalo Orlando sent fans pounding for the exits during the eighth Mediterranean Games in Yugoslavia. After his first throw sailed over 229 feet, good enough for first place, Orlando released his second and third throws too late and they flew into the stands, panicking fans who ran for the exits. Good thing it wasn't a javelin.

□ Tampa Bay running back Jerry Eckwood on his wife Valerie, who is studying mortuary science: "She's the one who puts the happy face on you when it's all over."

□ Former Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes: "There's nothing that cleanses your soul like getting the hell kicked out of you."

New Products

The next cold winter night your trusty team of huskies starts acting up, baying moonward and doggedly refusing to mush across the frozen tundra to the local 7-11, you might consider two new modes of winter transportation. The Kik is a sensible conveyance crafted of hardwood and Swedish steel and invented 300 years ago in Holland. The Skeeter is a crazed California projectile, manufactured of fiberglass-reinforced nylon and heat-treated aluminum, invented a few minutes ago. The Kik is a dogless dogsled, propelled by kicking and gliding, and comes with utilitarian options like baby and cargo carriers. The Skeeter, on the other hand, is a skateboard for snow, built to careen down hills and to perform Wheelies, 360s and mogul hops. The Kik, made in Norway, is available by dialing (800) 543-3000. The price ranges from \$65 to \$80, depending on size. The Skeeter costs \$119.95 from Snowcrafters, Inc., in Sherman Oaks, Cal. (213-981-9279).



While the Skeeter (above) is the sleek, modern way to traverse snow-covered hills, the Kik (right) has been around since sometime before Hans Brinkér.



OVERTIME!

OLYMPIC GOLD DIGGERS

Flying High

by Anthony Schmitz

With his close-cropped hair and square jaw, Jim Denney looks like perfect material for business school—somber, straightforward, down-to-earth. He is in fact a business student at the University of Minnesota. What he doesn't look like is the United States' leading contender in the Olympic ski jump—the spiciest and most ethereal of all Olympic events. But he's that, too.

Ski jumping is about as close as a human can get to pure, unaided flying. Ask the 22-year-old Denney about it and he replies matter-of-factly, "It is flying. That sensation . . . it's hard to put into words. You come off the takeoff and you feel like you're an airplane."

Right now, Denney's ability to thrust off a ski jump and then maintain the hairsplitting balance a long jump demands makes him the most likely American to challenge the European jumpers who have traditionally dominated the sport. His record in the years since the last Olympics, where he finished 18th, gives the U.S. a real chance to win its first jumping medal in history.

In 1977, Denney was the first American in 14 years to win a ski-jumping championship in Europe, when he jumped 104 meters (341 feet) at Villingen, Germany. Two months later he won at Raelingen, Norway, beating the

top five jumpers in the world. Denney finished third at Lake Placid in an international meet last February, after winning three medals in other major meets of the season. He wasn't blustering when he said, "Next year in the Olympics we're going to be in this event."

Denney, who started jumping at three when his mother sent him outside their hilltop home in Duluth, Minn., to play with a pair of skis, says he is past the point of working on technique: "I have to work on strength now so I can jump to my potential. I'm a born ski-jumper."

Glenn Kotlarek, who will return as the U.S. Olympic ski-jumping coach in 1980, says, "Jim has an inherent talent. How a guy will fly, that's a hard thing to measure. You need a feeling for speed and flight. It takes a special sixth sense."

"Jim is the right size, very light in the upper body with strong legs. But the great guys have a feeling for flying that's hard to train for. It happens so fast that if you try to train for it, you end up creating conditions that aren't true to the sport."

Denney says it is impossible to think much about new techniques during a jump—there isn't time for anything beyond instinct.

He watches for the flag signaling that the slope is clear, then pushes off, forcing the seven-and-a-half-pound, 245-centimeter (95½-inch) skis into the slick grooves worn down the center of the ramp. He rides low, hunched over his feet, trying not to shift his weight as he glides down the ramp at 60 miles per hour. Then at takeoff, he kicks himself up and out in a blurred motion.



For Denney, third was someplace special in last February's pre-Olympic competition.

"I'm conscious of the skis on the snow, I hear that sometimes. But it's a feeling. You've got to feel your muscles the same way every time. It's a feeling you just don't talk about. It's like people who jump out of airplanes with a parachute—you're on the edge of something and you don't know what you're jumping into. That requires a lot of aggression. You have to go for it."

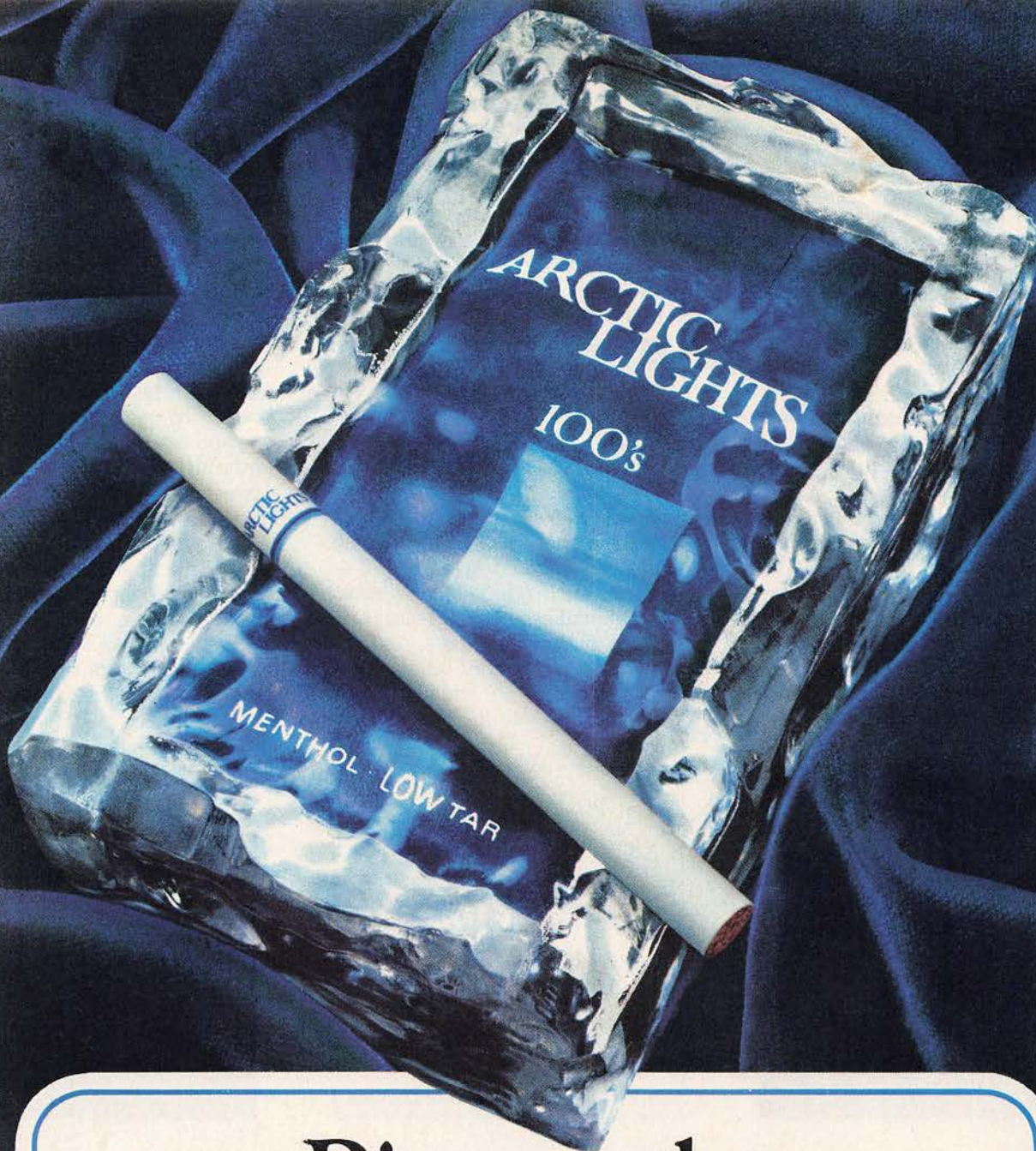
Denney's body acts as an airfoil, keeping him aloft until he begins to straighten out for the landing. In the four seconds he's in the air, Denney has gone as far as 122.5 meters—far enough to take him from home plate to the centerfield warning track in most baseball stadiums.

With a record of international competition that started when he was 16, Denney talks easily about putting himself out to pasture after the 1980 Olympics. He plans to be married soon after this winter's final test and he wants to start his business career.

But at least for this year, Denney puts in two or three hours of training a day, jogging up a hill that overlooks Lake Superior to a dusty park where he works out. Of the weightlifting, endless rounds of leg exercises and practice jumps on plastic hills, Denney says, "It would be hard to stay up for this if you thought it never ended." Before it does end, Denney will make the most important jumps of his life. "Nineteen-eighty," he says, "is what I've always been aiming at."



Jim Denney (above): "You're on the edge and you don't know what you're jumping into."



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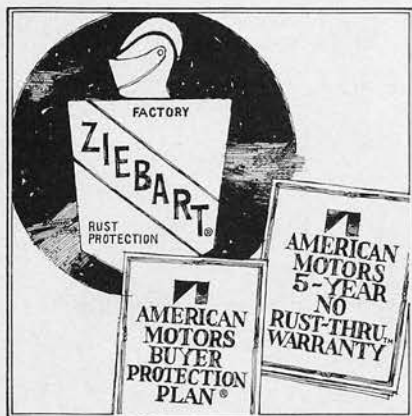


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Letters

DIGESTING YANKEE COVERS

I have received ten issues of SPORT this year and almost thirty percent of the covers have featured New York Yankee players: Ron Guidry (May), Graig Nettles (July) and Reggie Jackson (October). I think you should change the name of your magazine to Yankee Digest.

Jesse Putnam
Boston, Mass.

KNOCKING A HERO

How could you put Bucky Dent's picture on the same page with superstars like Johnny Bench and Reggie Jackson ("The Heroes of October Hold a Silver Jubilee," Oct.)? In last year's World Series, it was Graig Nettles' fantastic plays at third base and Brian Doyle's clutch hitting that made the Yankees champions. A .252 hitter like Dent doesn't deserve that kind of recognition.

Vince Fiori
Endicott, N.Y.

Editor's reply: Our story was centered around SPORT's World Series MVP's, hence Dent's appearance.

HITTING FOR ADULTS ONLY

I'd like to thank you for your article, "Plank and the Joy of Hitting" (Oct.), which finally provided me with the answer to my nine-year-old son's question, "Why don't you want me to play organized football?" I'll save this article until he gets older and can understand that "hitting" may not have been such a joyous thing for a nine-year-old boy.

Sharon Elston
Elmira, N.Y.

ZORN WILL SOAR

It's about time someone gave Jim Zorn the recognition he has richly earned ("A High-Flying Seahawk," Oct.). Zorn is one of the best quarterbacks in the NFL and will only get better with more experience.

Chris D'Agostino
Bohemia, N.Y.

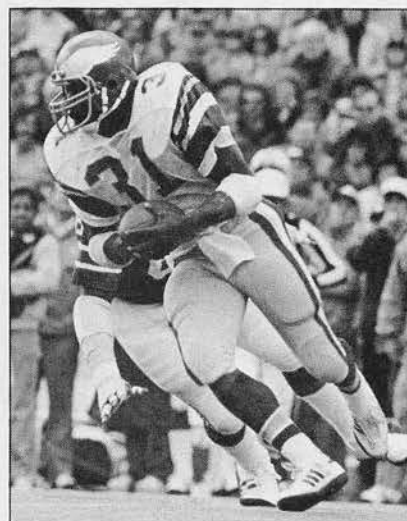
THE AMAZING EXPOS

After being referred to as "the worst collection of bats and gloves in baseball" ("The Amazing Case of the Hitless Pitcher," Oct.), the Montreal Expos proceeded to make writer Alan Richman eat his words by almost winning the National League East!

Willy Stenason
Montreal, Quebec, Can.

AN UNSUNG EAGLE

All this talk about Earl Campbell makes me sick! ("The Real Earl Campbell Stands Up," Sept.). The Eagles' Wilbert Montgomery, a "nobody" sixth-round draft pick, gained 1,220 yards last year and got absolutely no recognition. If Wilbert had not missed some games last season, he would have gained more yards than Campbell and



Montgomery's nine touchdowns helped the Eagles win nine games in 1978.

the Cowboys' Tony Dorsett—and he doesn't have their offensive lines.

Scott Mentzer
Wilmington, Del.

THEY HAD HIGH HOPES

Although I enjoyed Eric Lax's article, "Hanging Their Hopes High on Mike Schmidt" (Sept.), and the great third baseman's 45 home runs this season, I would say that based on the Phillies' fourth place finish this year, they hung their hopes too high on one man.

Eddie Crawford
Odenton, Md.

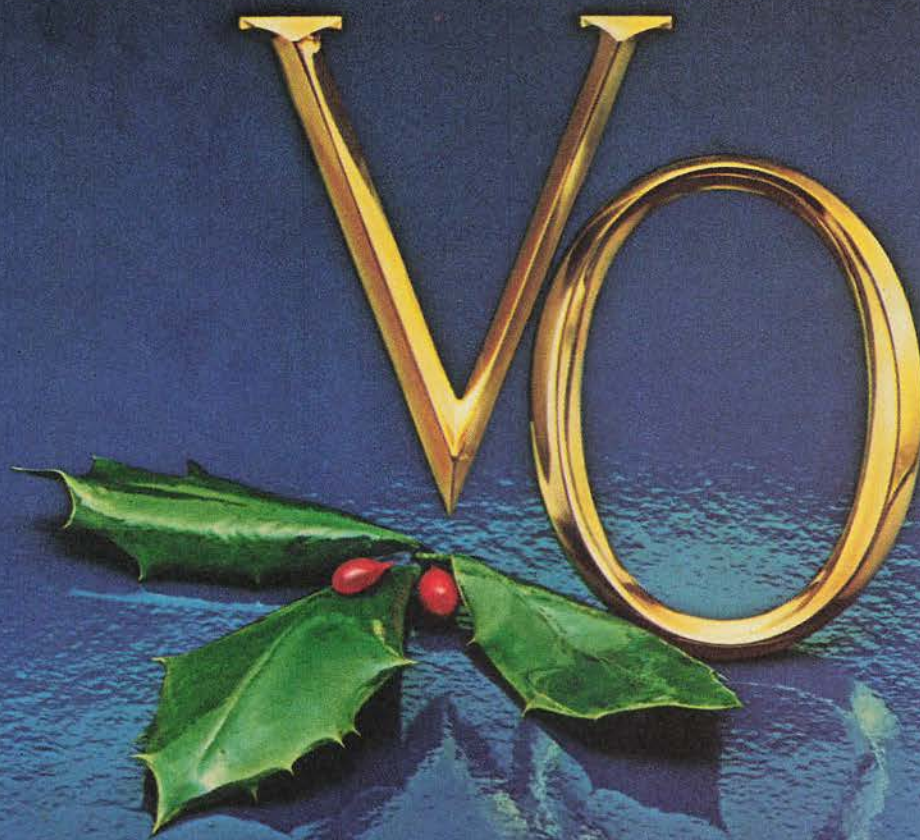
NO CHEERS FOR ROZELLE

In your interview with Pete Rozelle (Sept.), the commissioner stated that fan reaction to the cheerleaders concerned him and that a "large segment" of the audience seemed to be "turned off" by the networks' emphasis on the wiggle show. C'mon Pete! Bad football games turn off the fans.

Ed Vigliano Jr.
Bedford, N.Y.

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Bill Walton

by STU BLACK



"The best center in basketball" looks forward to smooth sailing as a San Diego Clipper. Determined to alter his image as a controversial activist, Bill Walton says, "The NBA is great"

Bill Walton ambled slowly down the corridors of Daniel Freeman Hospital in Inglewood, Cal. He was smiling, healthy and accompanied by his advisor-confidant-friend Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe, a former New York Knick basketball player. Walton was on his way to take the exercises and tests that Vandeweghe had devised for rehabilitating the arch that forced the center to miss the entire 1978-79 National Basketball Association season.

Much had happened to Walton since his last game on April 21, 1978. For one, the 27-year-old center was now a San Diego Clipper instead of a Portland Trail Blazer. For another, he was attempting to make friends with the media, being accessible and amiable in meetings with the press. A very clear line was being drawn between the Walton of the early and middle '70s; the young counterculturite—whose heart and soul seemed to belong to Patty Hearst, sports activist Jack Scott and others the FBI found distasteful—and the new Walton, a self-described born-again capitalist.

This interview with the man whom Trail Blazer Coach Jack Ramsay recently called the greatest center ever ("Bill Russell was a great shot-blocker, Wilt Chamberlain was a great offensive player, but Walton can do it all") took place in an office at the hospital.

SPORT: How do you feel now?

WALTON: Great. As good as I feel physically, which is excellent, I feel better emotionally.

SPORT: Why are you feeling so good?

WALTON: A lot of reasons. I spent seven months on crutches. Now everything is kind of like a big rainbow. Removal [surgically] of those bone spurs was a tremendous addition to my life. I thought everybody's ankles hurt all the time. I have a real positive situation in San Diego. It's great to be back in the area I grew up in. It's great to be near my family. And I think that the Clippers

are a first-class organization.

SPORT: Is your basketball situation what you had hoped for when you first entered the NBA?

WALTON: Yeah. But I'm a different person now than when I came into the NBA. I feel a lot more comfortable doing different things than I did when I first came into the NBA.

SPORT: Like what?

WALTON: Like talking to sportswriters. Five years ago, I didn't feel comfortable with sportswriters—I didn't feel comfortable with strangers at all. Over the past five years I've come to accept that part of it to the point that I now enjoy it very much. I've worked real hard to get to that point. I've also worked exceptionally hard for the last year and a half to get back physically. It was a long year and a half away from basketball.

SPORT: Seven or eight months from now you may be pretty tired from the grind of the NBA sched-

ule. Does the schedule allow you to play top-flight professional basketball all year?

WALTON: The only thing I don't like about the NBA is getting injured and, unfortunately, I've been injured more than most. Hopefully, now that the bone spurs are gone from both ankles, I won't be injured.

SPORT: Are the Portland medical practices, which you have condemned as injurious to players, used by other teams in the NBA?

WALTON: I've only played on one team up to now, but from what I understand, the situation at Portland was probably extreme.

SPORT: Were you treated differently from other players on the Blazers?

WALTON: No. I saw it as a team-wide practice. You know, Lloyd Neal subsequently retired [because of injuries]. Geoff Petrie had to retire, Bob Gross had some terrible leg problems. The players' best interests were not looked out for.

continued

SPORT: Did you or any other Portland player ever say, "I can't play today, I don't feel up to it?"

WALTON: The players are somewhat responsible. They [the Trail Blazers] don't force you. They don't hold you down when they inject you.

SPORT: What makes you play when you know it is not in your best interest?

WALTON: They told me my foot was all right.

SPORT: You had no idea it wasn't in your best interest?

WALTON: Right. It is important that you trust the doc-



"One of the reasons I enjoy playing against a guy like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is because it is basketball"

tor in the NBA, that you have good rapport with the team doctor. I thought I did. I just got burned one too many times.

SPORT: What particular injections do you recall?

WALTON: I was injected on February 8, 1976, with Xylocaine in my sore right leg. It was the first time in basketball that I was ever shot up.

SPORT: Around the ankle area?

WALTON: Right. I was injected at halftime and after the game I couldn't walk. They took me to the hospital and I found out my leg had a stress fracture.

SPORT: How many more shots did you take?

WALTON: I took some during the 1977 championship series. I had a problem with my big toe. I had the nail ripped off. I couldn't even put a shoe on. They numbed my toe so I could put a shoe on.

SPORT: You said it is important to have faith in your doctor. Do you intend to use a combination of the doctors here at Daniel Freeman and the Clippers' doctors?

WALTON: Yes. I know a lot more than I did a year and a half ago. People like me are real stubborn. We've got to learn for ourselves. I learned it takes a lot of courage to say no. I have that courage now. I want to play for ten more years.

SPORT: Was the medical situation in Portland the major reason you left there?

WALTON: No, but it definitely played a part.

SPORT: Is it hard for an athlete who has been taught to respect authority to say no to management?

WALTON: We are raised to trust people—at least I was—that other people have your good will at heart. When it doesn't work out that way, it is a big shock. It was a hard lesson, but one well worth learning.

SPORT: On the whole, though, have you enjoyed playing pro basketball?

WALTON: To me the NBA is great. I'm glad they're

going to more divisional play. That's going to cut down on travel, and with less travel the players should be fresher. If you are extremely dedicated, take good care of yourself, don't fool around and party a lot, then there are only a few times that you are really worn out. A big problem, however, is a lot of games in a short period of time, particularly now that the teams are shorthanded. They've cut down from 12 to 11 men. When one guy is sick and another turns his ankle, you're down to nine. When everybody is playing a lot, you do get a little worn out.

SPORT: Do the physical beatings that centers take shorten their careers?

WALTON: No. I think most centers actually play longer. I think the guards have the shortest careers.

SPORT: Do you think pro basketball is too violent?

WALTON: I didn't play last year. I just watched, but it still looks real rough out there. In my opinion, there has been a significant decrease in the number of actual fights since Kermit Washington and Rudy Tomjanovich got into a fight. But it is still very rough and I think that is one of the things that turns some people off. People like basketball because it is a game of finesse and quickness. If people like rough stuff, they can watch football. I like to play games where you use quickness, body position, speed. One of the reasons I enjoy playing against a guy like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is because it is *basketball*. No one is trying to trip the other guy or grab his jersey. You're playing, you're hustling. That's what I like to do.

SPORT: Is there anything you think should be changed in the NBA?

WALTON: It is a good game as it is. It's hard to change it. I think one of the most negative things about the game is, with the exception of Moses Malone and me, people who make the most money are the highest scorers. More often than not, the highest scorer is not the most valuable to the team in terms of winning. Far too often the highest scorers make the All-Star teams and get the biggest contracts. That's why it is so encouraging to me to see players who pass, like Larry Bird and Magic Johnson, come into the NBA. I tend to stay away from All-Star games because it's tough to be a center in them. When I play I get caught up in outplaying my man, but outscoring him is not necessarily outplaying him.

SPORT: Didn't you ever tell a teammate to become more of a team player?

WALTON: Yeah, and all those guys in Portland [who didn't listen] ended up getting traded.

SPORT: How much do you think the individualistic style of play takes away from the NBA?

WALTON: When I was a kid, my favorite team was the Boston Celtics—[Bill] Russell, Sam and K.C. Jones, Satch Sanders, Bailey Howell, John Havlicek and Don Nelson. I liked them because they won all the time and I liked the way they won. Dedication, hustle and defense. Bill Russell had a lot to do with that.

SPORT: When you talked about Bird and Johnson coming into the league, you said that their styles would best fit in with Seattle, Portland, Atlanta, Washington and Phoenix. You didn't mention San Diego. Why not?

WALTON: Because up to this point San Diego hasn't been known as a passing team. But I see no reason why the San Diego team won't become a good passing team.

SPORT: Do you think they'll adapt to your style rather than vice versa?

WALTON: It will be a combination. The style of play is

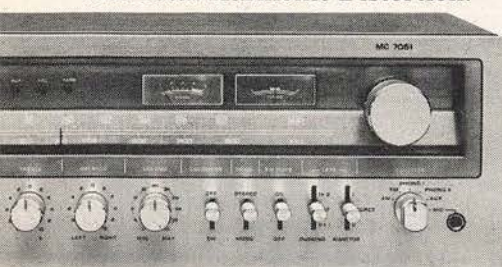
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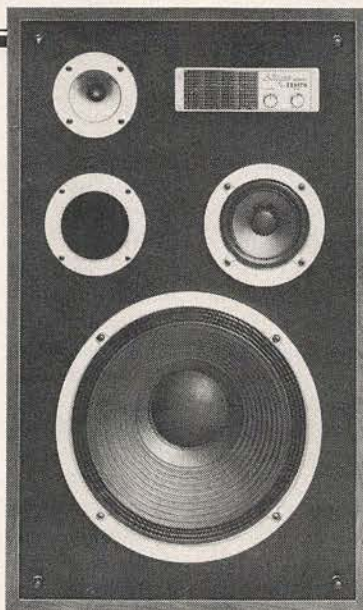


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dictated by the players. I'm sure I'm going to play a lot. And I expect to see a lot of ball movement.

SPORT: Guard Lloyd Free is not known to admire ball movement, so his attitude seems to be at odds with yours. Do you think you'll have a tough time with Free?

WALTON: No. He's a great player and it is my responsibility to make him even better. It is his responsibility to make me better.

SPORT: Sidney Wicks is with the Clippers now and earlier you alluded to players who were traded from Portland because they weren't team-oriented. Was he one?

WALTON: There were a lot of other guys who were absolute jerks, but Sidney Wicks was in no way a problem at Portland. He's a fine player and a fine guy. Hey, they're bad-mouthing *me* in Portland now.

SPORT: San Diego Coach Gene Shue has a reputation for not demanding much on-court discipline. Have you talked philosophy with Shue?

WALTON: A lot, and we seem to be on the same wavelength. I spoke to different coaches and players on different teams, but the Clippers did far and away the best job of recruiting me.

SPORT: What were you looking for, besides money, when you made your decision?

WALTON: I was looking for a place to raise my family [two children, a third on the way] in a very positive



"There are a lot of schools I wouldn't coach at. I would like to coach at UCLA"

atmosphere. A place where I could lead the lifestyle I like. One of the nicest things about San Diego is I'm able to ride my bike almost everywhere. I don't like to ride in cars. There is an energy crisis, you know (laughs).

I also weighed the attitude of the owner [Irving Levin], the coach, their relationship toward me. When I put everything down, San Diego just sort of jumped up.

SPORT: Do you see San Diego as having the personnel to win a Western Division championship soon?

WALTON: The San Diego Clippers have the personnel at present to win a championship. What team do you think is better?

SPORT: The defending champs, Seattle.

WALTON: That's your opinion. I have never lacked confidence in my ability or in the ability of my teammates. We're going to have a real good team.

SPORT: Is it true you want to go to a 30-second clock and legalization of the zone defense?

WALTON: I think there is too much negative emphasis on the zone defense ruining basketball. If the team is good

enough, it isn't going to matter what kind of defense you play. Firstly, the zone is a terrible defense. It can only stop a team that can't shoot from the outside. Good teams can shoot. I think they should allow it just to end the controversy.

As for the 30-second clock, I think it would allow teams to set up better plays. There would be more continuity, rather than just coming down and firing it up. I feel there are too many impatient, undisciplined players taking advantage of the 24-second clock. With the 30-second clock you would get more teamwork and more passing, and that would interest the fans more.

SPORT: What about the three-point rule?

WALTON: I think it is a bad rule. Instead of shooting a long bomb, it's a lot harder, for instance, for a Dr. J to dribble the length of the court between five guys and go up for a dunk on the other team's center. And you only get two points for that. But I don't think the rule will make that much difference.

SPORT: Besides the 30-second clock and allowing the zone defense, are there any other changes you want?

WALTON: Go back to 12 players. It would mean less wear and tear on the players and better balanced teams.

Another thing I have a hard time with is the hardship draft. The NBA's practice of drafting kids out of colleges early is a bad idea. It's bad to encourage youngsters to stop their education. You know, one of the greatest things about our country is that we encourage everybody to be as smart as they can be, which is pretty unique.

SPORT: You've played for three coaches in college and the pros, John Wooden, Lenny Wilkens—now the Seattle coach—and Jack Ramsay. How do you rate them?

WALTON: Wooden was excellent in all aspects. I would say his personal strength was in getting everybody interested in winning the game, rather than their own personal statistics. He was great teaching overall team offense and defense. Jack Ramsay really taught me a lot about individual defense. Ramsay and Wooden were very, very organized. Everything right down to the last detail. Lenny Wilkens was a little different than Coach Wooden and Coach Ramsay. He was a little more guard-oriented, but when he was at Portland, we didn't have any guards (laughs) so he was kind of handicapped.

Lenny and I were in an awkward position. He was in his first year coaching Portland during my rookie year, and I was injured and not able to play very much. He took a lot of unjust criticism because of my inability to play. I'm glad to see he's doing so well now.

SPORT: Would you consider coaching someday?

WALTON: Sure. I wouldn't coach just anywhere. There are a lot of schools I wouldn't coach at. I would like to coach at UCLA very much. I think it is the best school in the country as far as combining athletics and academics.

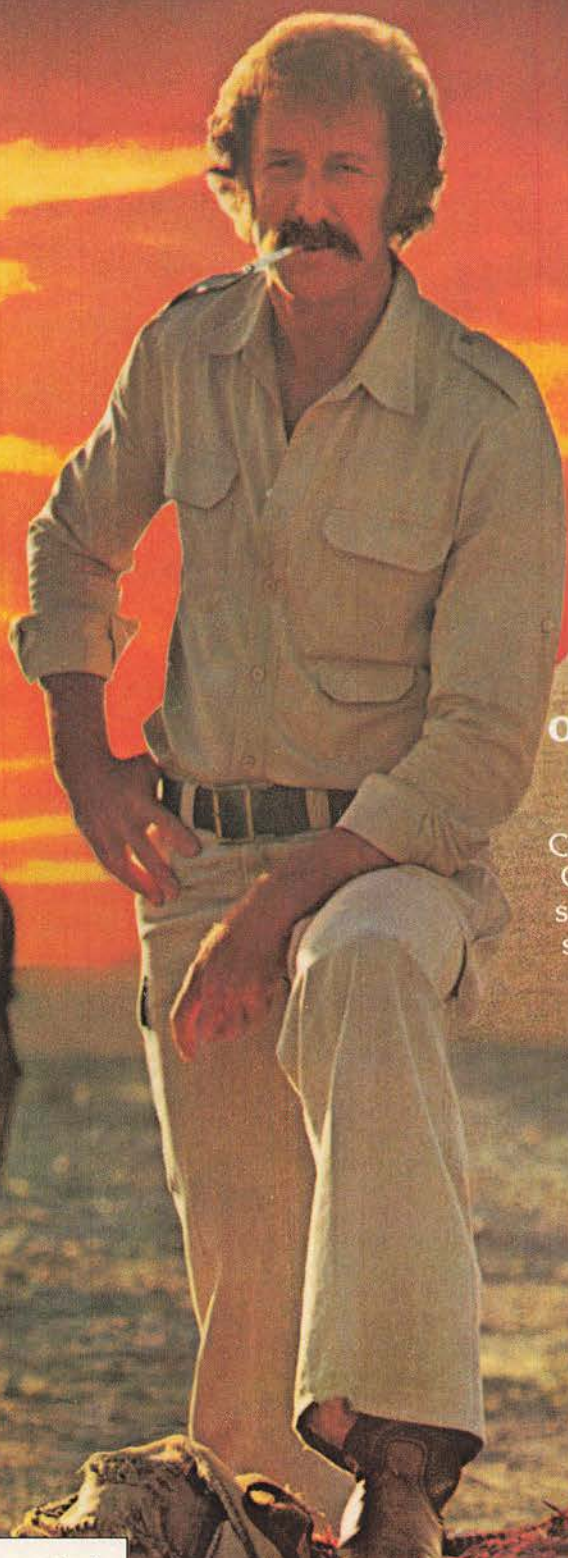
SPORT: Would you coach pro?

WALTON: Yeah. I don't know if I would coach pro right away. I have some young kids at home. They need me around. But I would probably like to coach pro someday.

SPORT: Have there been times when you needed a coach to motivate you?

WALTON: No. I was fortunate that at very early ages, I worked with coaches who knew how to motivate athletes. All the coaches I played for made it clear that this was fun. It is fun. It's more fun now than ever. I would say I'm a pretty motivated guy. There's nothing that I would rather do than play basketball. □

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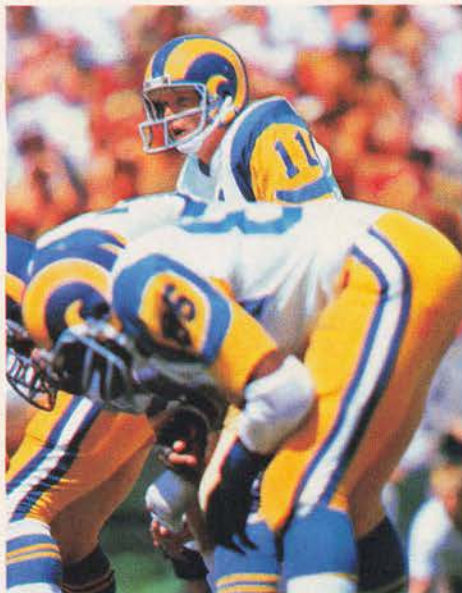
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The bridesmaid Rams are counting on Pat Haden, their

Bootstrap Quarterback

by JACK HICKS

The Los Angeles Ram quarterback answers the door in stocking feet, holding a peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich and a glass of milk. The wholesomeness of Pat Haden—blond hair, blue eyes, beaming squeaky clean in his woodsy Newport Beach, Ca. condominium—is almost too much to believe.

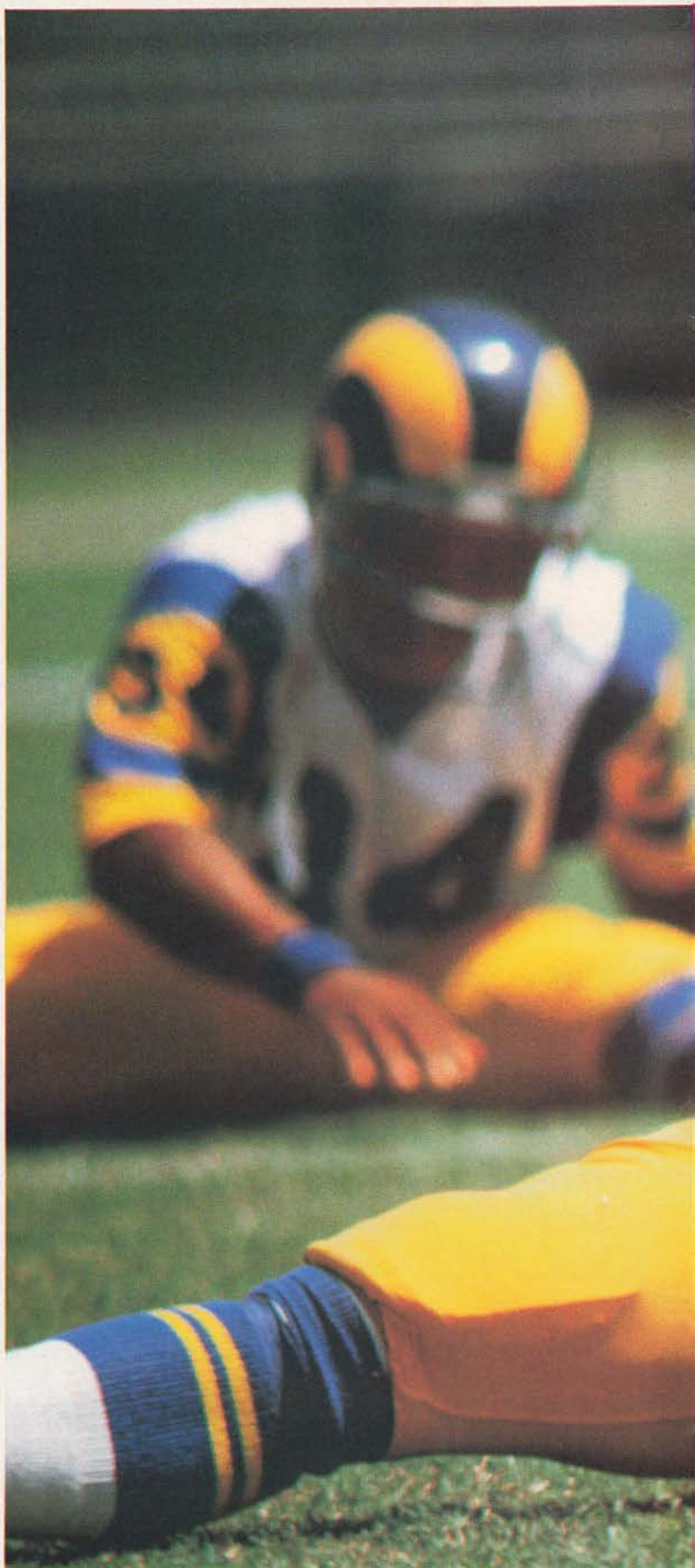
"This? Oh, it's the Chinese 'Year of the Ram,'" Haden says, explaining the slogan on his powder blue T-shirt. "And hopefully, it'll be the year the Rams finally go to the Super Bowl."

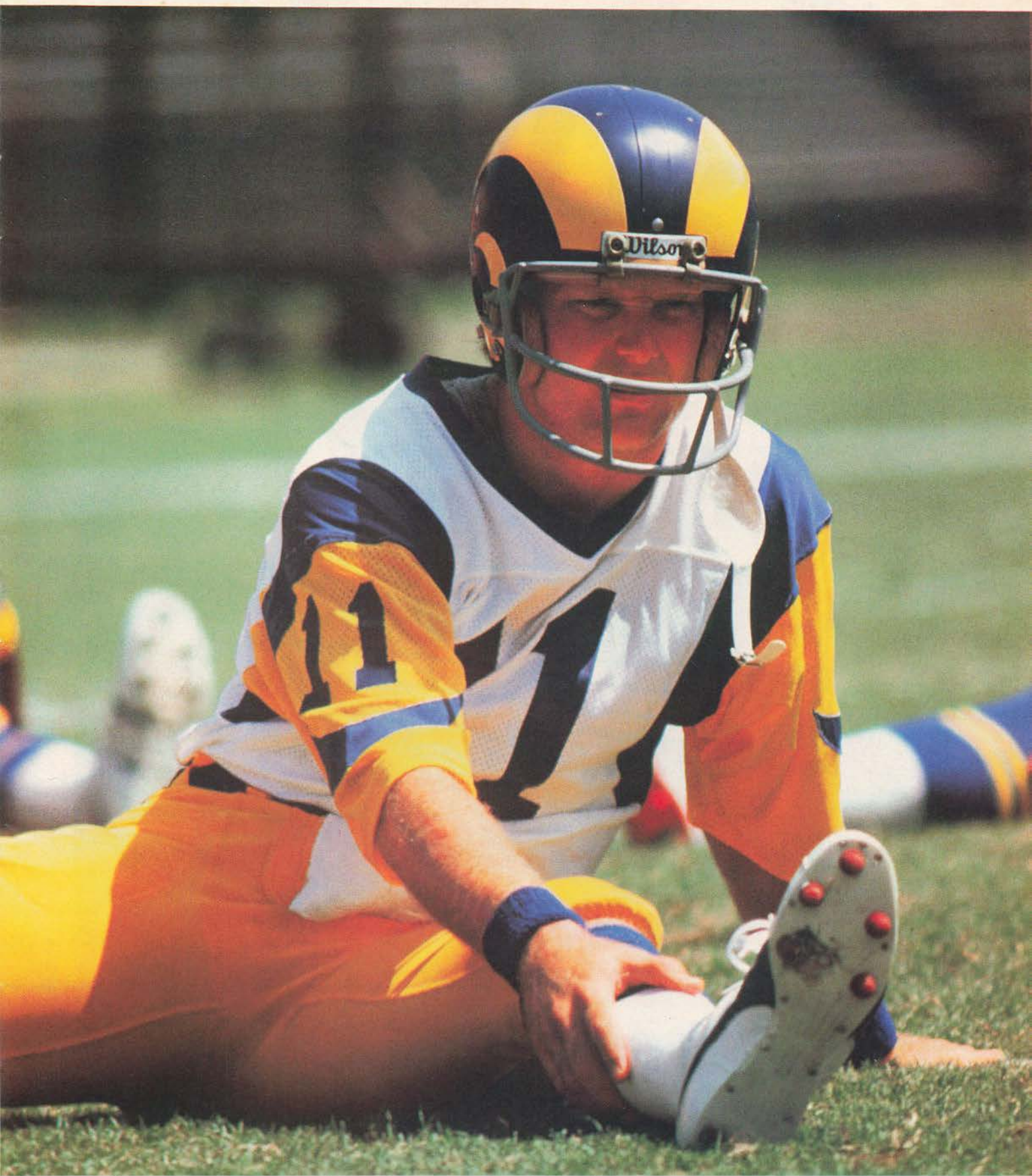
His sunny visage clouds moments later as he listens intently to a tape the visitor has brought—purportedly of Randy Newman in Paris singing his song "Short People" to a mystified French crowd. "No way, no way!" Haden's soprano voice cracks in mock exasperation. "That's not Newman's voice. It's a hoax." A bogus "Newman" draws on about the worthlessness of short people, dedicating the tune to Howdy Doody, Brenda Lee and Pat Haden, "little losers all."

"Believe me, I know what he sounds like," Haden moans over his milk. "I've heard this song in my sleep, along with every other possible joke about my height, or the lack of it."

"Doan want no short pee-pul 'round here." That refrain has been directed often at the 5-foot-11 (or 5-9 or 5-10,

continued





Although he was booed while setting all-time team records for completions and total passing yardage in '78, Haden hopes to silence his critics by leading the Rams to Super Bowl XIV.

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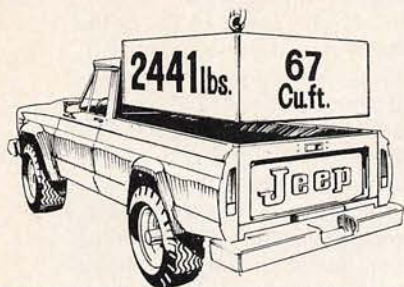
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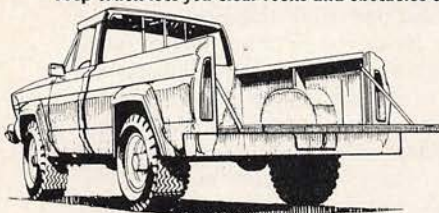
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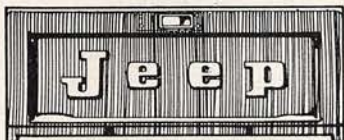


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Haden *continued*

depending on whom you believe) Pat Haden by the media and fans, especially his hometown Los Angelenos ever since he came into the league in 1976. Deprived of height and an 80-yard arm, Haden—according to one vocal Los Angeles faction—simply cannot take the Rams to the Super Bowl. But quarterback baiting is a way of life in the City of Fallen Angels. In the past 33 years L.A. fans have clamored for and the Rams have offered up 28 quarterbacks. Since 1973, the fervor has grown as local fans and press have argued over the merits and demerits of James Harris, Ron Jaworski, Joe Namath, Pat Haden and, most recently, Vince Ferragamo.

Haden is not pleased with the situation. "I don't know what would satisfy these people," he says, settling into a rattan living room chair. "Last year I threw for almost 3,000 yards, yet I'm still said to be too small and weak-armed. Fran Tarkenton and Bob Griese are as small as me. Are they too little? I really don't know what I have to do to finally prove myself in Los Angeles.

"I'm convinced a lot of it has to do with being a hometown guy. I have people who come up and say, 'I've watched you since Bishop Amat High School, all through USC.' When I came into the NFL in '76, I was a long shot, a local darling. I had about a two-year grace period, but that's over now. And how. But really, it's not so bad. When I left the U.S. for Europe in 1975, I never figured I'd even play pro ball."

He went to England on a Rhodes scholarship to spend more than two years studying at Worcester College, Oxford, but the Rams drafted Haden anyway, albeit a distant seventh.

"You might figure that since I'd been in three straight Rose Bowls at USC and done reasonably well, I'd have been drafted higher. But I really didn't have a great senior year. I broke a finger early, and [Coach] John McKay decided to run the ball more. I finished with nearly a thousand fewer yards than my junior year. So mediocre stats and the Rhodes made me doubtful. That . . ." Haden pauses with a waspish grin. "That and my—uh—*dwarfhood*."

But when the aborted World Football League signed Haden to play for several months before he left for England, it was the same old "Short People" refrain. He began the year fourth on the depth chart of the Southern California Sun, but by the season's opener in July, 1975, Haden had moved up to No. 1.

"The first three days of camp, Haden memorized 70 plays perfectly," recalls Babe Dimancheff, who was the Sun offensive coordinator. "And when I

gave the QBs' exam—I asked them to chart all the plays and defenses—he missed exactly one. He was a winner."

When Haden took a half-year leave from Oxford and returned to the U.S. in mid-1976, the Rams invited him to camp as a prospective backup to James Harris and Ron Jaworski, but he eventually found himself in the fight for the first string job. "It was a tense year for the three of us. [Coach] Chuck Knox usually didn't announce who would start Sunday until Thursday or Friday, so we were often up in the air."

Haden wound up starting seven games and after the season, owner Carroll Rosenbloom traded Jaworski to the



Haden's home-team fans—wife Cindy and daughter Natalie—never let him down.

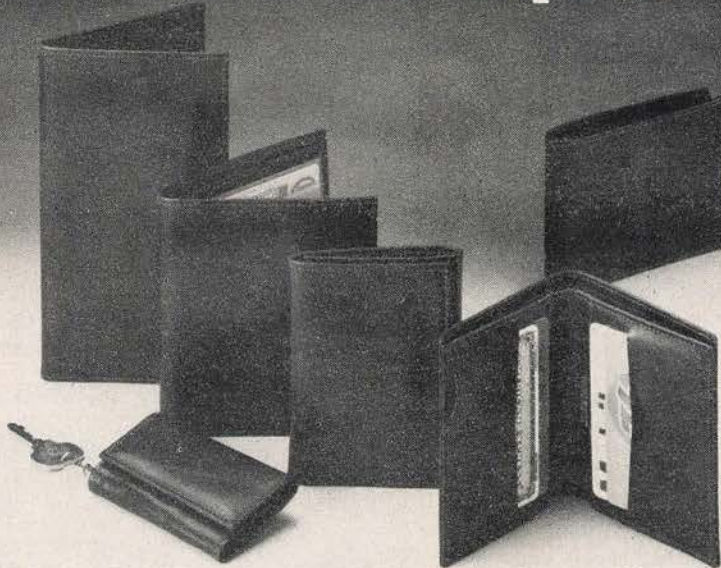
Philadelphia Eagles and Harris to the San Diego Chargers. But Rosenbloom also brought Joe Namath to the Rams and gave him the No. 1 job. Not until the fifth game of the 1977 season, with the Rams 2-2, did Haden again take over. He started the final ten games and guided the Rams to victory in eight of them. He completed 56.5 percent of his passes, and ranked No. 2 in NFL passing. But, once again, Los Angeles lost in the playoffs, 14-7, to Minnesota.

In 1978, Haden set all-time Ram records for completions (229) and total passing yards (2,995). But his press was not unanimously favorable, and there grew an undercurrent of fan support for the more statuesque, bullet-tossing young Vince Ferragamo, particularly in the second half of the season when the Rams lost to New Orleans and Atlanta, then lost to Dallas in the playoffs.

"The latter half of '78 was pretty

continued

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Haden *continued*

eventful," Haden observes in his home as the afternoon light slants away. "I guess it was right after the losses to the Saints and the Falcons last year that things heated up around here. Then we just managed to beat Tampa Bay and then beat the Steelers, but only scored ten points. We had four TDs in four games, the press was vocal, and so were the fans. About then I stopped reading the sports pages.

"So that was it. I opted out of that pressure, and to this day I try to avoid sports pages and football shows during the season. I *always* cooperate with interviewers, don't get me wrong," Haden says anxiously, obviously concerned that he not be seen as another prima donna. "The only time I've ever refused to cooperate was just before last year's Dallas game. The CBS-TV crew asked me to pose with Too Tall Jones, to show all their viewers what the problem is. I was really fed up with that smallness nonsense, and I certainly wasn't going to pose with [the 6-9] Jones. You can't escape what people write or say about your performance, but you don't have to be affected by it."

The Haden household busies as Pat's brother Jim stops in for a chat and wil-

lowy wife Cindy comes home. Haden sips a beer, coping with the growing tension as tomorrow's opener with the Oakland Raiders nears.

"One of the first questions you asked me was the effect of the two years at Oxford on my life—especially football," he resumes. "When I went to England in September, 1975, it was the first chance I had to *breathe*—to *not* play football—since the sixth grade. I loved the competition—sports and academics at Bishop Amat and USC—but I never had the chance to examine things. You know the pace of American life, especially here in California, is incredible. Oxford brought me to a screeching halt. The pace was slower, emphasizing the quality of life, enduring things. We had three-hour dinners, social evenings at which I listened to some of the great minds of our time discuss social and philosophical issues. The reflective part of me had a chance to grow.

"I think I put football in perspective over there. Like most players, I'd been consumed by the sport since I was 12. Once I had a chance to step back, I found the win-at-all-costs attitude destructive. Now I play football 100 percent and I work as hard as anyone. But on a universal scale, a single game is cosmically insignificant. We lose sight

that this is entertainment, a *game*, one that allows us to express and improve ourselves. A *game*, not a war."

Jim Haden, who is the oldest of the three Haden boys, (Pat is the youngest), picks up the conversation. "Pat's a curious mix of competitiveness and sensitivity. When we were growing up in the San Gabriel Valley, he was the little brother always trying to keep up with us. He was fierce and it drove him crazy to lose. One summer, he got completely cranked up about basketball and almost played himself crippled. He developed Osgood-Schlatter's disease, a syndrome associated with hyperactive leg development . . ."

"Yeah, go ahead, laugh," Pat interrupts. "They used to call them 'growing pains'—I was growing too fast. Ha Ha Ha. I'll never live this down—Pat Haden was growing too fast."

The Ram quarterback next begins to talk about an issue of special sensitivity to the Rams: black-white relations. James Harris' benching and trading took on a racial significance for the black community, and insiders say that racially-triggered fights between offensive and defensive linemen made the 1978 lockerroom atmosphere very tense. "When I was at USC, it disturbed me that people I knew would root for black players on Saturday afternoon and tell nigger jokes Saturday night," Pat says. "Then when I came to the Rams, 'Shack' Harris was outstanding to me. To see him go through the turmoil as the only black QB around and hear him talk about it gave me a lot to ponder. Then when Doug France got angry last month and left camp, it brought the issue of racial prejudice home again."

The France incident took place at the Rams' Fullerton training camp, when France, an All-Pro offensive tackle, made a series of stinging racial accusations and walked out of camp. "Among other things," says Haden, "Doug was upset that whites and blacks spent great amounts of time together on the job, yet socially, in the evening, whites went strictly one place, blacks another."

On the morning after France's walk-out, with relations tense between blacks and whites, Haden made it a point to join a breakfast table of five black teammates. "Yeah it was a gesture, and maybe it was fruitless," Haden says squarely, brushing his blond hair with his hand. "But I say a gesture can be a start. Pro football is a social microcosm, it depicts problems in a larger world, and one of those problems is racial misunderstanding and animosity."

Earlier in the day, at the Rams' final preseason practice, Haden had shown he'd won the respect of black and white teammates alike. An ABC-TV video

truck was set up near the lockerrooms to shoot stills of the Rams for their upcoming appearance on Thursday Night Football. Rams players posed quietly for the ten seconds of video tape stills until Fred Dryer arrived. One of football's blither spirits, the 6-foot-6 defensive end livened up the morning. As Haden seated himself before the camera, Dryer muttered, "I say the man's a freak among giants. Too short to lead THE MIGHTY RAMS TO THE BIG ENCHILADA, THE SUPER BOWL!" Nearby, teammates broke up in laughter, and Haden smiled, enjoying an extravagant joke on a touchy subject.

Then Dryer said, seriously, "Say what you want, boys—we win with him. All there is to it."

Near the end of practice, a large black lineman nodded toward Haden and three black wide receivers—Ron Jessie who is Haden's close friend, Billy Waddy and Willie Miller—as the four-some walked and talked through formations and pass routes. "Tell me no size," the black lineman drawled. "They can play. And Haden, say what you want, he put up with all that bull and still do the job." The lineman checked matters off angrily on a gigantic hand. "The fan bull, the coach bull, the writer bull, which is the worst of it, and then some more bull from his own team. Through all that, he do the best job at quarterback."

The next afternoon, the Rams play well against the Oakland Raiders for one half. Haden is sharp: 11 for 17 attempts (with three balls dropped, one a certain score), 131 yards and one touchdown. But after leading, 14-0, the Rams fall apart and lose, 24-17, and at 3:30 p.m., PDT, Pat Haden is booed by a sizeable group for the first time in 1979.

After the game, Haden fields the media's questions patiently, visibly pained and disappointed. The crowd around him slowly dwindles, and a high school reporter finally whips his courage into a question. "Mr. Haden, on that long pass that was dropped, you threw the ball 45 yards. I mean, that's pretty good for you. How did you do it?"

"Simple," Haden deadpans. "I put my full 5-foot-2 and 130 pounds behind it." He manages a final exhausted smile for the crowd.

It has been a rough day, but clearly this quarterback will come back, will survive earthquakes, management crises, team squabbles, and all the boos L.A. can offer. Even though Haden blanches to hear it, Randy Newman sings in "Short People," after all is said and done, that the Grieses and Tarkentons and Hadens of this world "they gonna getcha every time." □



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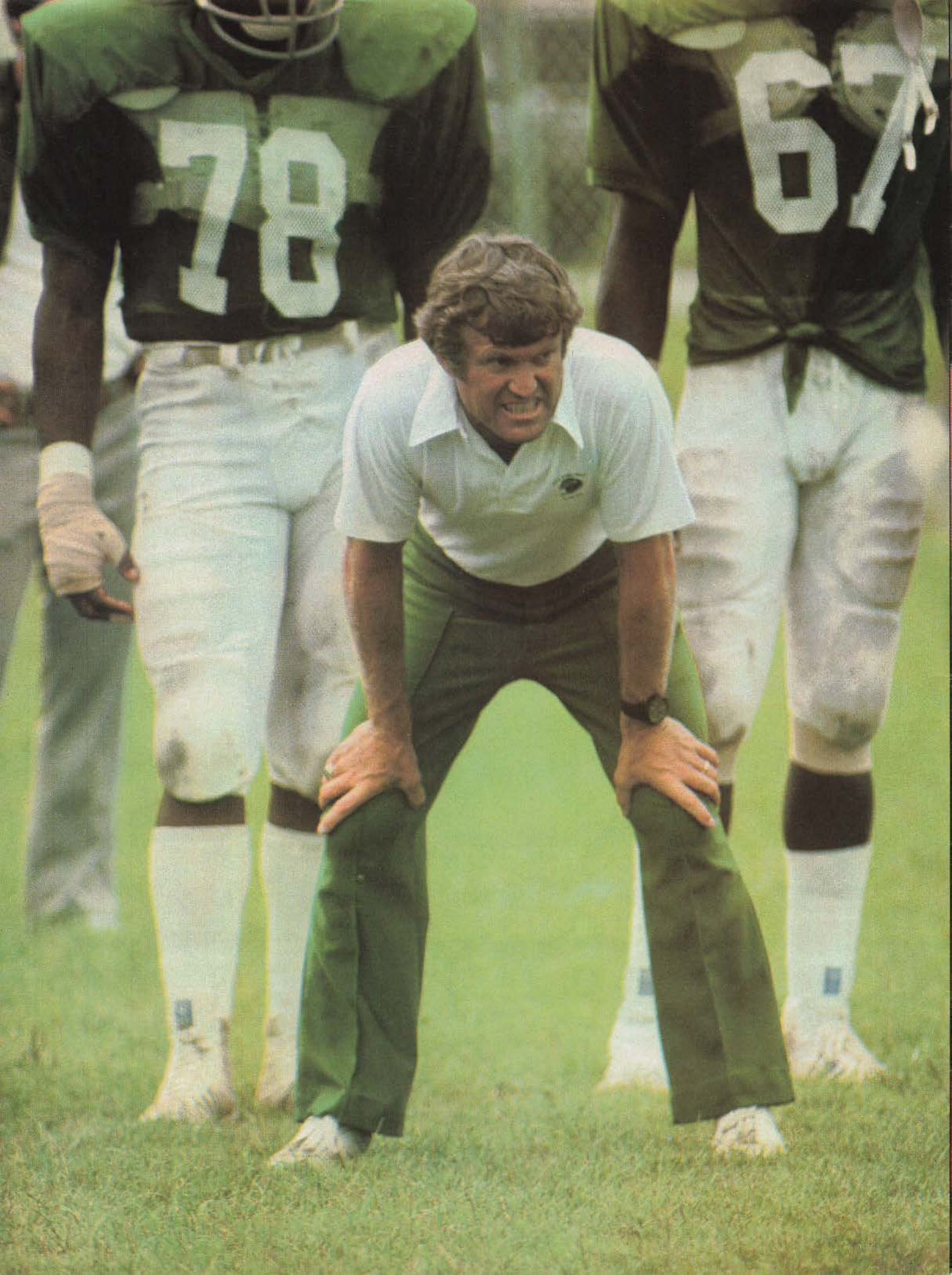
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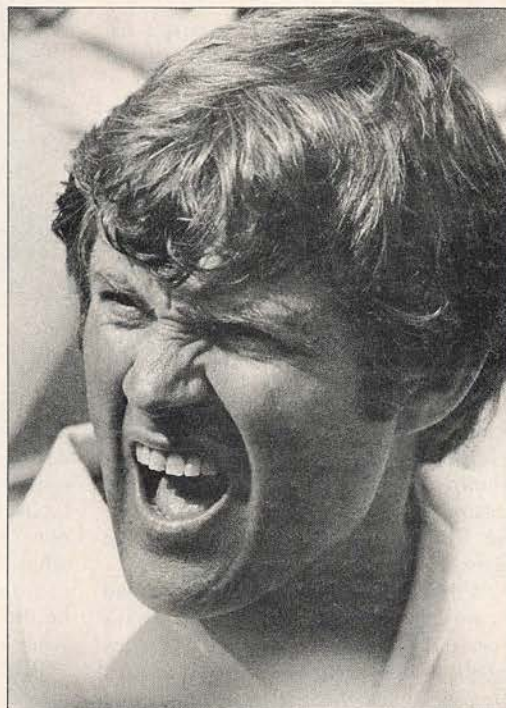




Hard-nosed Dick Vermeil rode out of the West to coach the bedraggled Eagles to new heights. Now the Philly "boo birds" are cheering

The Little Dictator

by CHARLES BARNARD



The sound came sliding down from the uppermost reaches of the double-tiered stadium like a long, continuous howl, flooding onto the Astro-Turf. On their feet, hands cupped to their mouths like megaphones, 64,721 of Philadelphia's pro football fans were exercising a right they had enjoyed through endless years—to boo their own team, to humiliate their quarterback, to intimidate their coach. It was the first game of the 1978 season, third quarter, Los Angeles Rams leading, 6-0. The Philadelphia Eagles, losers for more than a decade, were losing again. Quarterback Ron Jaworski, once a promising second-round draft choice at Los Angeles, was starting his second year as an Eagle in an unpromising fashion. When a third-down pass fell incomplete, the crowd exploded in malicious anger. Jaworski made his way back to the sidelines, head down, chin strap dangling, contempt crashing over him.

A strong hand gripped Jaworski's arm, pulling him aside. "Listen to me!" an intense voice said to him. "I don't care how much they boo, I'm never going to jerk you, you understand?" The quarterback nodded.

With a reassuring slap on Ron Jaworski's butt, one man had just

outvoted 64,721 Philadelphia fans. Something new had come to Veteran's Stadium—Head Coach Dick Vermeil.

The Eagles and Vermeil lost that game to the Rams, but only after the Eagles had gone ahead, 14-13, on a Wally Henry punt return and a Jaworski touchdown pass before losing by a field goal in the last seven seconds. What had given every appearance of being a demoralizing defeat had been turned around. Indeed, not only a game, but before 1978 was over, a season, a franchise and the hearts of local fans had been turned around as well.

The Eagles went on to post a 9-7 record, their first winning season in 12 years, and earned a wild-card spot in the National Football Conference playoffs.

"I wasn't doing Jaworski any favor," Vermeil says today. "I needed him in there. I wanted him to know there was no way out." Vermeil also wanted Philadelphia to know, for better or for worse, he had chosen his quarterback.

Vermeil's words and philosophy are hard-nosed, but the man is deceptively boyish for 43, pleasant to a fault, quick to smile, ruggedly handsome in a blond, California way. He looks better suited to a country club than the gridiron—a quick, neat little man, scurrying about among giants.

A lot of people have been fooled by Dick Vermeil. In 1976, he inherited a dispirited, pushover Eagle team. When

training camp opened for his fourth season this year, only a dirty, tough dozen of the pre-Vermeil Eagles remained. Thirty-three others were gone. "Some of them had ability," says Vermeil, "they just weren't willing to give it."

Everyone on the present squad does. As a result, Vermeil has turned an abusive crowd of fans into an appreciative following. Most important, Vermeil has reshaped the mood, morale, mental outlook, discipline and physical condition of the entire Eagles' organization. With an extended contract in his pocket that takes him through 1985, with generous financial support from owner Leonard Tose and with steadily improving personnel, the Eagles entered a new era.

"What's so great about 9-7?" Vermeil asks. "In Philadelphia it makes you a hero, in Los Angeles, it gets you fired."

Vermeil is that rarity among football coaches, a man who has never been fired. He went into major college coaching in 1965 as an assistant to John Ralston at Stanford, and went to the NFL for the first time in 1969 as special teams coach for George Allen with the Rams. A year later, he was at UCLA as Tommy Prothro's offensive coordinator and followed Prothro to the Rams in 1971. He coached the Ram quarterbacks under Prothro and then Chuck Knox. In 1974 and 1975 he was head coach at UCLA, compiling a 15-5-3 record and climaxing his tenure with a stunning 23-10 upset of

continued

Coach Dick Vermeil (above) runs punishing drills because "going half speed only develops bad habits and false confidence."

Vermeil *continued*

Ohio State in the 1976 Rose Bowl.

It was just like in the movies—small-town boy from Calistoga, Cal. plays quarterback in high school, marries his high school sweetheart, works hard and reaches the top.

"It was the top as far as I was concerned," says Vermeil. "It was the height of my ambitions, all I'd ever wanted to be. After my second season, I thought I was pretty secure at UCLA. I was 39 years old. I had a three-year contract ahead of me. I wasn't even thinking of pro football."

One man who did was Leonard Tose, a millionaire Philadelphia trucking executive and long-suffering owner of the Eagles. He had paid \$16 million for the club in 1969, had had three head coaches in eight years and had yet to enjoy a winning year. At the end of the 1975 season, Tose and Eagle General Manager Jim Murray started looking, once again, for a "proven winner."

"I think it was George Allen who had recommended me to Mr. Tose," says Vermeil. "Anyway, when the Eagles called, I said I wasn't interested. I didn't even go to see them. I had a recruiting trip scheduled. I left town. But then George Allen tracked me down and said, 'Hey! Those guys are serious! You get back here and talk to them!' So I did."

With February around the corner and time running short, the Eagle offer was increased to something over \$200,000 a year for five years, plus two cars, a luxurious suburban home, a country club membership, a half-million dollar insurance policy, a bonus for every win over .500 and other perks. Vermeil accepted.

"I could see they were willing to give me not only responsibility but complete autonomy," he says. "I could control my own destiny. As far as the team was concerned, there was only one way to go—up. As Jim Murray said, 'Our fans are so low, you can get a standing ovation for winning the coin toss.'"

Vermeil moved east and studied the Eagles' situation. It was not encouraging. There was only one player of All-Pro caliber, middle linebacker Bill Bergey, then a seven-year veteran who had come to the Eagles from Cincinnati in 1974 in exchange for first-round draft choices in 1977 and 1978 and a second-round pick in '78. Invaluable as Bergey is, the manner of his acquisition from the Bengals was symptomatic of one of Vermeil's most serious problems—in the spirit of the future-is-now, the team had traded away draft choices for quick fixes. He wouldn't have a first-round draft choice until 1979 and wouldn't even have a third choice until '78.

So the coach had to make do with



After Vermeil had guided UCLA to an upset over favored Ohio State in the 1976 Rose Bowl, Eagle owner Leonard Tose (right) pursued the reluctant coach with money and perks.

what he had. "Instead of coming in here and saying, 'Hey, you all have to go!' I decided to keep most of the people I inherited. I didn't bring in many new faces, not even off the waiver wire. I let everyone have a chance to show me what they could do." Vermeil is being charitable in his choice of words. What he did do was show the ragtag Eagles what *he expected* them to do.

Bill Bergey remembers: "My first impression of Dick Vermeil was that he was a crazy little guy who didn't know what he was doing. I knew he was a college coach; I didn't even know that he'd had some pro experience. Anyway, that first week of training camp under Dick was the worst week I ever went through in my life. We started on a Sunday and by Thursday I was lying on my bed in agony. I'd never been pushed so hard in my life."

Hard work is the cornerstone of Dick Vermeil's life. He has been called a workaholic, a computerized man, a little dictator. He says his reputation is exaggerated, but then he explains why it may be true. "My father, Louis, was a seven-day-a-week worker. When I was a kid, he ran an old garage in Calistoga [population, 1,800] in the Napa Valley."

Vermeil became a mechanic there and thought about becoming a race-car driver until "Bill Wood became football coach at Calistoga High and he made me love football so much that I decided to continue with my education just to be able to keep playing the game."

Vermeil went on to nearby Napa Junior College, then to San Jose State where he played quarterback. "After I got my master's, I still loved the game so much, I went into coaching so I could stay with it. My hobby is my work," says Vermeil emphatically, "I love it so much, it's *not* work."

Vermeil's first year at Philadelphia was no better or worse than most people expected. The coach and his patchwork squad compiled a 4-10 record. Typi-

cally, Vermeil took the blame for the poor season. "If I had done a better job of coaching, it might have been 6-8," he says. "I didn't know how *physical* everything was going to be in the NFL!"

The second year was a little better. Vermeil's won-lost record went only to 5-9, but the offense, with new quarterback Ron Jaworski, showed an ability to score. The defense also made outstanding progress under defensive coordinator Marion Campbell. His newly installed 3-4 alignment was led by All-Pro Bill Bergey; opposing quarterbacks were sacked a team record 47 times.

"I didn't have to motivate the good players," says Vermeil. "I just eliminated some of those who weren't motivated and that made me look like a helluva motivator!"

Vermeil took to sleeping three nights a week in his office at Veterans Stadium. Sometimes he was up until 4 a.m. looking at films, trying to identify the players with "character," the ones who would play when they were hurt and do what they were asked without question. Character is a favorite Vermeil word.

In 1978, still without a first or second-round draft pick, Vermeil's Eagles began to fly. After losing the opener to the Rams and dropping a 35-30 contest to the Redskins, the team won nine of its next 14 games and achieved the goal Vermeil had privately set in preseason: nine wins and a playoff berth.

In the NFC wild-card playoff game with Atlanta, Philadelphia was leading 13-0 midway in the final period, but two Steve Bartkowski passes in the last five minutes pulled out a 14-13 win for the Falcons. All the same, Vermeil was voted UPI's Pro Coach of the Year.

In addition to the perennial star, Bergey, three other Eagles were picked to play in the January 1979 Pro-Bowl Game—6-foot-8 wide receiver Harold Carmichael, who caught 55 passes for 1,072 yards and eight touchdowns in '78; 6-6 tackle Stan Walters, who had devel-

continued



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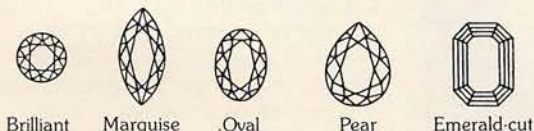
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Vermeil *continued*

oped into one of the best pass blockers in the league; and running back Wilbert Montgomery, who scored nine touchdowns and gained 1,220 yards.

Vermeil is proud of the fact that his 1978 team scored a total of 109 points in fourth quarters. He sees this as evidence that conditioning pays off and that the Eagles have developed the character to battle down to the wire.

Vermeil has a croupier's eye for his kind of player. "If I recognize a guy who isn't willing to join the tempo of the group, he doesn't stay. If I tell a man, 'Slant the gap and read the guard,' he better flat-ass do it, no questions, no comments. I admire toughness. I respect the Vince Lombardi-Woody Hayes types."

But Vermeil can also be a softy. He invites paraplegics from a local rehabilitation center to watch practice sessions from their wheelchairs. When they are gone he says, "Those people make you realize that a fumble and a turnover isn't the end of the world."

Off-season conditioning and weight programs brought this year's Eagles into camp ready to play football. Linebacker Bergey, 6-3, 245 pounds, had never before worked with weights in the off-season. This year he came to camp reporting an 80-pound improvement in his bench press over the winter.

On the practice field, Vermeil is perpetual motion, with a voice that seems too big for the man. He carries a pocket tape recorder for making notes in the heat of the action. He often puts himself into the thunder of the practice, sometimes repeatedly play-acting an opposing end or cornerback, backpedaling

like mad to get a better look at his own offense—and to keep from getting creamed. His physical stamina seems the equal of any of his players.

And in the darkness of evening meetings, with the sound of the movie projector grinding forward—reverse, forward—reverse, Vermeil goes over the day's work on the field with his men. "No way in hell you should have fallen down in that hole! . . . If there's somebody in the wrong color jersey standing there, take him out! . . . You keep running like that, young man, and some day you'll be driving a BMW! . . . Climb some backs!"

Vermeil is often overcharged with emotion. His voice breaks. He fights back tears. At times he cries. If this is not the macho image of pro football, nobody around him seems to care. "It's been embarrassing to me," Vermeil says of his sentimentality. "And to my wife. I've gotten emotional at banquets, at the Coach-of-the-Year award, for example. It was such a meaningful thing to me. I fight through it better now and I try not to worry about it."

"The first time I saw him get emotional," says Bergey, "was in an exhibition game. We were playing the Chargers and we were getting pushed around. Dick spoke to us at halftime in the lockerroom. He just stood there and spoke very slowly, the way he does when he's overcome. 'Men . . . we will . . . turn this game around.' I knew from that moment that Dick Vermeil was for real. The fact that he *let* his emotions show convinced me. What the hell, I've cried after ballgames myself."

Vermeil shrugs it off. "What they see is what they get . . . that's me. I pride myself in trying to be sincere and honest with people. When this team goes on the

field, I'm not concerned about what they're thinking of me; I know they're thinking of playing football."

The Eagles went into the 1979 season with a full roster of draft choices for the first time in years. The first five were: linebacker Jerry Robinson from UCLA; guard Petey Perot from Northwest Louisiana; 60-yard, barefoot field goal kicker Tony Franklin from Texas A&M; running back Ben Cowins, fresh from three consecutive 1,000-yard seasons at Arkansas; and wide receiver Scott Fitzkee from Penn State.

But along with these gains, Vermeil had to take a bitter loss in the summer of '79. Fullback Mike Hogan, the Eagles' second-leading ground gainer and one of the best blocking backs in the league, was involved, with others, in a cocaine bust. Vermeil's policy on drugs had been spelled out by him. "I have absolutely no sympathy for drug users of any sort. These people, if any in our organization, will be eliminated as soon as possible! I will not turn my back on this problem if it does exist!"

So a top back had to go even though no replacement for him was in sight. Hogan went to the 49ers but the Eagles management agreed to retain a top lawyer to defend him. The case is pending; a complete acquittal is still possible.

Although Hogan was popular with his teammates and his loss could well hurt the Eagles' finish, there was no grumbling about Vermeil's action. Bergey speaks for most when he says, "Mike Hogan was a good friend of mine. I'm going to miss him dearly. But this team knows where it's come from and it knows where it's going and Dick Vermeil is the guy we're going to follow."

Owner Tose was so happy with the team he added five years to Vermeil's contract in May. Reportedly, he will earn \$250,000 in '81 and go up a scale to \$290,000 in 1985. Total earnings in ten years: \$2.2 million, certainly one of the richest packages in football.

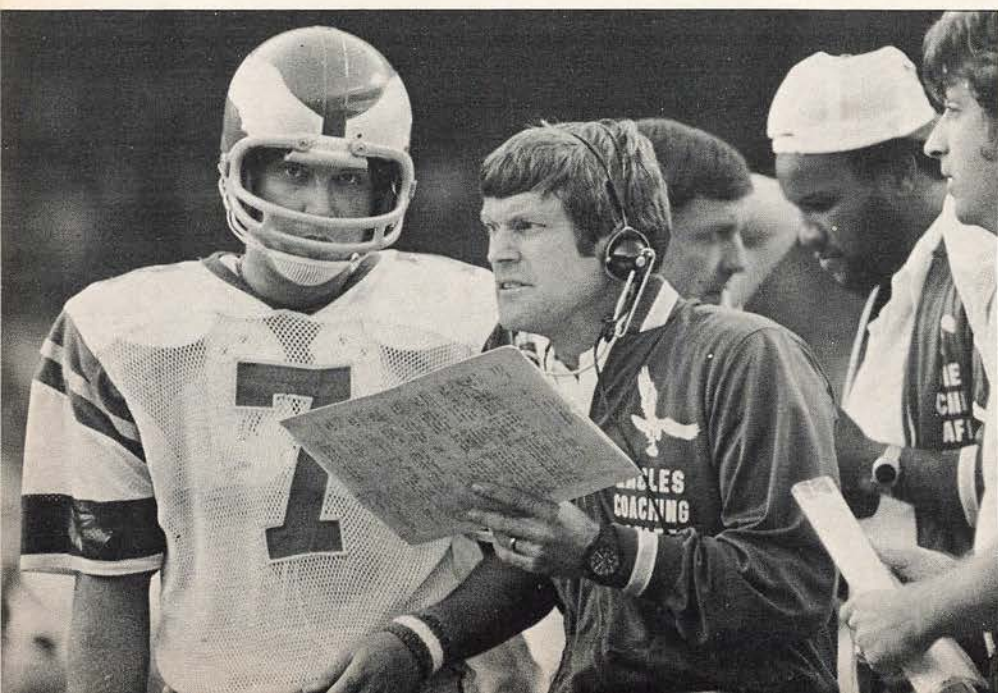
When this season began on September 2, Vermeil was not making any boastful predictions.

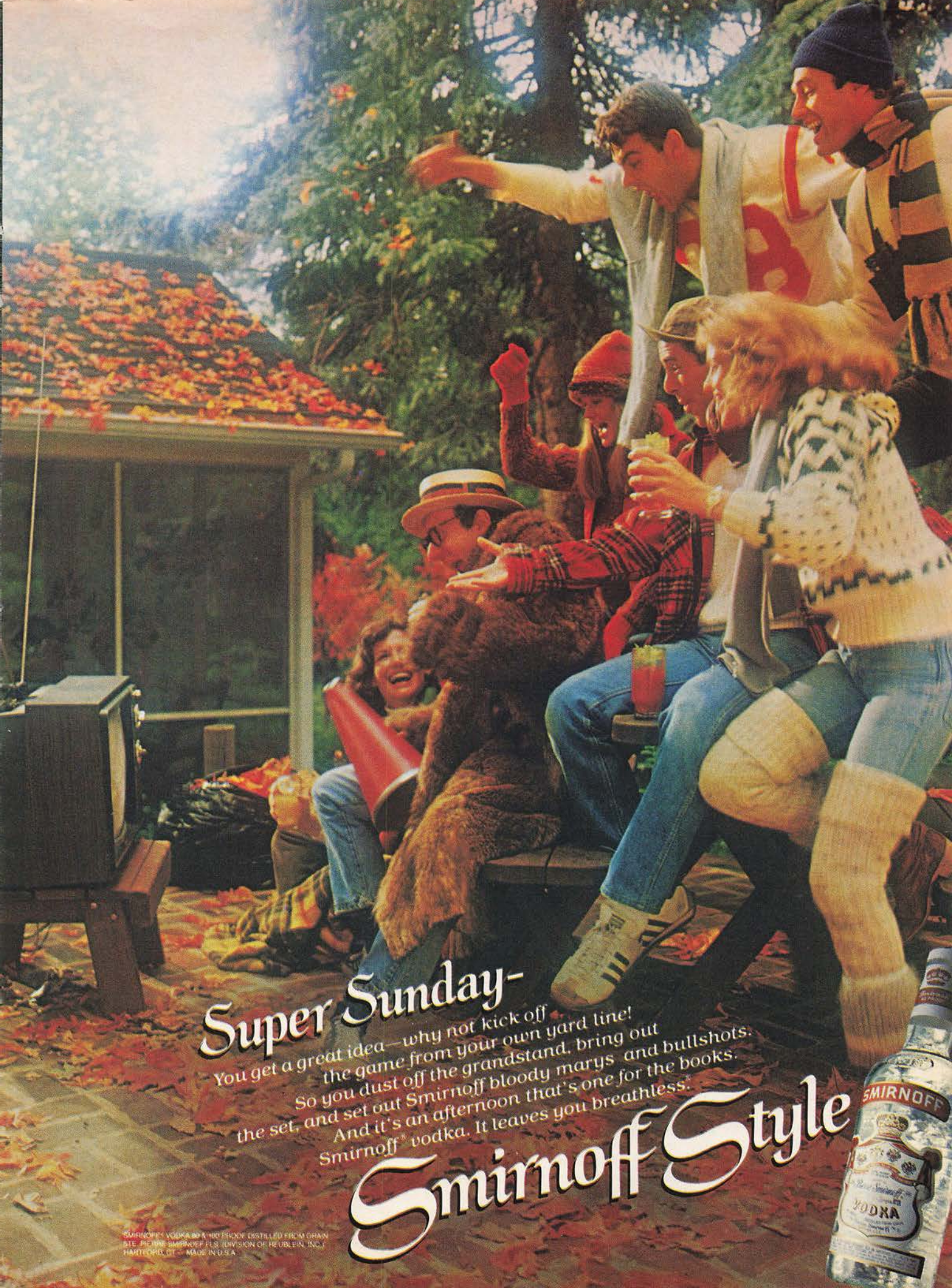
"Coaches just get players ready to play," he says, humble as a fox, "but players *play*. If you've got the right ones out there, the skilled, character people, anything can happen." A little emotion starts to show as, clearly, Dick Vermeil thinks he is close to having the right ones out there.

Uncomfortable with even this slight display of emotion, Head Coach Vermeil looks at his watch and then at a favorite slogan posted over his desk. The sign reads, "Do not overload your ass with your mouth."

Vermeil tugs off his shirt. He's got five minutes to grab a shower. □

When the gimpy Roman Gabriel couldn't do the job, Vermeil turned to another former Ram quarterback, Ron Jaworski (left). "The Polish Rifle" is the keystone of an improved offense.





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Double Trouble in Happy Valley

Matt Millen and Bruce Clark are best buddies off the field and twin terrors on defense for Penn State

by JACK WILKINSON

In the beginning there was Adam and Eve, the first couple to prove you can't have one, or fun, without the other. Soon, others followed. Cain and Abel. Romeo and Juliet. Burns and Allen. Mantle and Maris. Mork and Mindy. And now, rumbling out of the central Pennsylvania mountains from the land the inhabitants call Happy Valley, comes the most inseparable pair of all: Clark and Millen.

Or Millen and Clark, if you like. Or Salt and Pepper, as they have been nicknamed. But never just Clark or just Millen.

They are 270-pound Bruce Clark and 260-pound Matt Millen, defensive tackles at Penn State, both seniors, and both All-Americans. Their coach, Joe Paterno, goes so far as to say, "Bruce and Matt may be the two best players in the country." They may also be the best pair of defensive tackles ever to play on the same college team, which is not bad for two guys who would rather be linebackers.

In Happy Valley (which was not all *that* happy this year while the Nittany Lions were losing football games) that is the prestige position to play. At USC, tailback is the glamor position. At Alabama, Bear Bryant turns out quarterbacks. But at Penn State, they produce linebackers, All-America linebackers, NFL linebackers. Linebackers like Jack Ham, Dennis Onkotz, Greg Buttle, John Skorupan. Clark and Millen were going to be the next great Penn State linebackers.

Clark was the beast of western Pennsylvania. He grew up in New Castle near the Ohio border—and trouble. "Everybody in the neighborhood rolled dice and got drunk," Clark remembers. "But Ma kept me out of trouble. I stayed home and lifted."

When he wasn't "lifting," Clark was pole-vaulting 13 feet, which isn't bad for a 240-pounder. And he played some hellacious football. A lot of schools wanted Clark, but he narrowed his choices down to Tulane, Michigan and Penn State. When Clark heard through a friend that Michigan was planning to move him to middle guard, he forgot about Ann Arbor. "No way I wanted to play down in the hog pit," Clark said. So he decided to play down in Happy Valley, where all of this started. But not before Clark was at a Penn State game with his father, saw Millen, and said, "Pop, look at the size of that guy."

Millen was the beast of eastern Pennsylvania. As the sixth of 11 children, he learned how to be—um—aggressive at an early age. Growing up in Hoken-dauqua, near Allentown, he entered Whitehall High School as a 5-foot-8, 140-pound flanker and left as a 230-pound running back/defensive end. Millen was interested in Colorado and signed a Big Eight letter of intent. But his father, Harry, wouldn't sign the national letter. He was leaning toward Penn State, particularly since Dennis Onkotz was recruiting Millen and Onkotz's sister-in-law lived up the street from the Millens.

Finally, Millen decided on Penn State. He first met Clark when they made their official recruiting visit to Happy Valley. Somehow, they were assigned to the same room. "I think they were scheming all the time," Millen says.

That night, they warily eyed each other at a party. Later, after lights out, Millen suddenly jumped out of his bed, got down on the floor, did ten pushups, then jumped back into bed without saying a word. Then it was Clark's turn, 15 pushups and back into bed. Then Millen for 20. Clark for 25. And so on. It was a budding rivalry that heated up when they next met at the Big 33 Pennsylvania state high school all-star game.

At the first Big 33 practice at Gettysburg College, Millen and Clark met head-on in a tackling drill. First Clark carried the ball and Millen tackled him. Then it was Millen's turn and, he remembers, he gave Clark a little more than was necessary—a punch to the helmet. Clark retaliated before they were separated.

"That's the first time anybody ever punched me back," Millen says.

Yet when they got to Penn State that August, they became close friends.

"I liked him," Clark remembers. "Matt had the same habits I did. He liked lifting. He didn't drink. He didn't smoke. He liked movies. You know, if he was a girl, I'd probably be going out with him."

They also liked each other because they felt not too many other people did. Especially the upper-

continued

The speedy Millen (top) is, says Coach Paterno, "one of those guys who puts his arm back and goes on every play," while Clark (bottom) "uses his strength a little more."



Millen and Clark *continued*

classmen. Part of the problem was jealousy. At Penn State, freshmen seldom play very much. But in their freshman season, with the Nittany Lions floundering at 1-3, Clark and Millen became part of a Paterno shakeup. He benched many of his older players, and as inside linebackers, Millen and Clark helped Penn State finish 7-5.

"We kinda got really good shots," Millen concedes. "It was almost unfair. Guys who put in their time were getting passed over."

And Millen was getting a reputation as a fighter. "I was always fighting as a freshman," he said. "I used to flip out. If I couldn't do something right, I'd get in a fight."

There was one fight everyone remembers—during a practice in 1976. When it was over, Jerry Sandusky, the linebacker coach, told Millen to leave the field. Millen refused. Paterno came down from the other end of the field, calmed Millen down and then told him to leave. Millen again refused. So Paterno just moved the drill over to the other side of the field.

Neither Millen nor Clark, though, could refuse the offer Paterno made before practice began the following spring. Clark and Millen knew it was inevitable: the shift from linebacker to defensive tackle. They were bigger than the tackles who had played in front of them as freshmen. And Paterno had other doubts.

"I wasn't really sure either one of them could be great pass defenders with some of the things we were trying to do, covering people out of the backfield," Paterno says. "I'm not sure I was right in Bruce's case. I know I was right in Matt's case. Also, their futures in pro football are as down people."

At first, though, Clark and Millen were not easily convinced. "I didn't want to move," Millen says. "I'd never played down. The first time they wanted us in a four-point stance I said, 'No way, I can't keep my head up.' J.T. White, our assistant coach, used to yell at me. I'd say, 'Hey, you want me to play this position, I'll play it this way.'"

Everyone else played it another way. "That spring was intense," Clark says. "I had to do a lot of learning. And the guys I crunched the year before took advantage of me."

By that fall, though, it was different. Gradually, Clark felt comfortable at left tackle. Gradually, Millen felt comfortable at right tackle. Penn State started handling people. After winning their first three games easily, the Nittany Lions were beaten by Kentucky, 24-20. But they won their last eight to finish

11-1, including a 42-30 Fiesta Bowl victory over Arizona State in which Millen was named the outstanding defensive player. By then, both men had established their reputations and their different styles of play.

"Matt'll kill me for saying this: he's strong, but not that strong," Clark says. "I rely on my strength. He takes off. He reads the block on the run. I sit back, take the block, read and then go. On the pass rush, he'd be better. If I had a fault, that would be it. I'm more run-oriented. Once we established that I sit there, I could say, 'Okay, you take off, I got the draw and the screen.' That's why we work together so good."

Naturally, Millen disagrees. "I think he rushes the passer better," he says.

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno: "If they ever give the Heisman Trophy to a lineman again, it should go to Bruce Clark"

Says Paterno, the arbiter: "Matt's one of those guys who puts his arm back and goes on every play. Bruce likes to use his strength a little more. And they're different emotionally."

Clark is businesslike, almost stoical. And Millen is almost crazy, constantly jumping up and waving his fists after making a tackle, screaming after a sack. Everything Bruce Clark hates in a football player.

"I hate hot dogs," Clark says. "I can't call Matt a hot dog, 'cause he's a friend. But he has to get fired up. He plays best like that."

"If I could do it, I'd stop it," Millen says. "You look like an idiot."

Last season, Millen and Clark both looked spectacular. They helped State lead the nation in rushing defense (54.5 yards per game) and total defense (203.9 yards per game). They helped Penn State win 11 straight games and gain the No. 1 ranking before losing the national championship to Alabama in the Sugar Bowl, 14-7. They were two of the four finalists for the Lombardi Trophy as the nation's outstanding lineman or linebacker. Clark won it, the first junior to do so in the award's nine-year history.

But as the new season began, one of the dynamic duo, Millen, got taken down a peg. At the start of training camp this fall, Millen was required with the rest of the interior linemen to run two half-miles, the first in 2:50 and, after a 20-minute rest, the second half in 2:55. Millen didn't make it, and doesn't like to talk about it.

Paterno's solution was simple: "He couldn't get on the team until he did it.

His problem was mental. He was in shape, but he never liked to run distance. My feeling with this society today is if a guy says he can't do something, we lower the standards. If we didn't do that, we'd have fewer 'I can't' people."

Millen ran the two half-miles in time and was allowed back on the team—the second team, until he worked himself back up. He was removed as one of Penn State's three captains. And Paterno told him he would no longer tolerate the kind of behavior that resulted in Millen's getting thrown out of spring practice twice for fighting.

"He's had his problems," Paterno says. "He's had a problem with poise at times because he's so emotional. I think this was for his own good. He's a better

player now than he's ever been. He's more effective this year and he will be even better."

But maybe never quite as good as Clark. "Bruce is the greatest football player ever to play at Penn State," Paterno says. "I never said that before about anybody. But we've never had any one player dominate his position like Bruce Clark does. He's super-quick. He can run 20 yards with most backs in the country [and 40 yards in 4.65 seconds]. He can go across the line of scrimmage quicker than anybody I've seen. He picks 200-pound people up like baby dolls, and he can lift 565 pounds over his head."

"If they ever give the Heisman Trophy to a lineman again, it should go to Bruce Clark."

Clark and Millen still aren't sure they'll stick as defensive linemen, though, when they get a shot at the pro game. "I'm hoping to be at linebacker again, or at least in the middle [middle guard in a 3-4]," Clark says. "There are no tackles our height [Clark is 6-2½ and Millen an inch shorter] in the pros."

"I'm kinda short for a defensive lineman," Millen says. "If not a linebacker, maybe I'll be an offensive guard. That's when I quit."

And then there would be just Clark. No Millen. And that would be sad. These two should go on together. Clark thinks they can.

"We can be friends forever, as long as we don't room together," Clark jokes. "He's Oscar. I'm Felix."

That's perfect. Oscar and Felix. The odd couple. □

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The new season will be a fabulous show. In the main arena: Tar Heels, Blue Devils, Irish and Wildcats.

Top 20 Preview:

by RICHARD O'CONNOR

Last season college basketball experienced a year of unmatched brilliance, popularity and competitiveness culminating with the dramatic Indiana State-Michigan State, Larry Bird-Earvin Johnson duel for the championship, won by Michigan State. Attendance—over 30 million fans—matched performance. The three-season increase in attendance at Division I games—a complex NCAA formula which means “big time” colleges—amounted to a whopping 21.6 percent, proof that the college basketball boom is on.

Reacting to this kind of popularity, the NCAA will open next year's post-season championship to 48 teams (from this year's 40) and eliminate the rule limiting entry to two teams



The Title Is Up for Grabs

per conference. This will make it even more competitive.

The change is realistic. There are as many as three or four teams in the running for conference titles around the country. There are Duke, North Carolina, Virginia or even North Carolina State in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Kentucky, LSU and Georgia are contenders in the Southeast Conference. Indiana, Ohio State and Purdue are top choices in the Big Ten.

This equal distribution of talent has deepened rivalries, heightened play and turned on fans. The new season should add to the trend. Here, based on the expert assessments of coaches, players and scouts, we preview this year's top 20 teams. As the season progresses, any one of these might claim No. 1 in the national polls, but when the new champion is crowned next March 24 at the Market Square Arena in Indianapolis, the consensus is that Coach Joe B. Hall and his Kentucky Wildcats will make the acceptance speeches.

TOP TWENTY

1. Kentucky	8. Louisville	15. Georgetown
2. North Carolina	9. Syracuse	16. Nevada-
3. Duke	10. UCLA	Las Vegas
4. Indiana	11. DePaul	17. Brigham Young
5. Louisiana State	12. Virginia	18. Virginia Tech
6. Notre Dame	13. Purdue	19. Georgia
7. Ohio State	14. St. John's	20. Kansas

1. Kentucky

Hey, who's that man walking around Lexington whistling and grinning from ear to ear? It's Coach Joe B. Hall, who had the finest recruiting year in the nation. Says Hall: "It was as good as any in Kentucky history and that includes the Issel-Dampier and the Robey-Givens years."

Hall's freshman phenoms: 7-foot-1 Sam Bowie, son of former Harlem Globetrotter Ben Bowie, who has a feathery outside shot and the gasoline-hose arms of a devastating shot blocker; 6-6 power forward Derrick Hord; 6-3 Dirk Miniefeld (Kentucky's Mr. Basketball voting award winner), a quick, deadly scorer; 6-6 Charles Hurt (runnerup to Miniefeld for Mr. Basketball honors), a rugged rebounder; and 6-8 Tom Heitz, who was first team all-state in Indiana.

Hall has seven of his top eight players returning from last year's squad. The most notable is steady point guard Kyle Macy, the All-America who directed Kentucky to its 1977-78 NCAA title. There's also 6-7 Levon Williams (11.5 points per

game, 6.9 rebounds per game), who has added 15 pounds of muscle that, coupled with his cat-like quickness, should make him an awesome boardman; 6-8 Fred Cowan (9.4 ppg, 5.5 rpg); 6-7 Clarence Tillman; 6-6 Chuck Verderber; 6-1 Jay Shidler, a starter three years ago; and Dwight Anderson (13.3 ppg, 3.0 rpg), a swingman sensation who, according to one SEC coach, "at times plays like David Thompson."

Last season, Kentucky was hurt by inexperience and lack of depth. However, by season's end the young Wildcats steadied themselves and won 13 of their last 18 games, including a surprising second-place finish in the SEC tournament and their second NIT bid in three years. Now, of course, the question of depth has been rectified. Hall believes this wealth of talent provides him with "incredible versatility." It also provides him with an excellent shot at his second NCAA title.

2. North Carolina

To the long list of recent Carolina All-Americans—Doug Moe, Charlie Scott, Bob McAdoo, Bobby Jones, Phil Ford, Mike O'Koren—you can prepare to add James Worthy. Worthy, 6-8½, who one coach calls "a hybrid of Earvin Johnson and Julius Erving," averaged 21.1 ppg, 12.2 rpg and six assists at Gastonia Ashbrook High in Gastonia, N.C. He will be playing on a front line that includes first-team All-America O'Koren (14.8 ppg, 7.2 rpg, 3.5 assists) and all-conference forward 6-6 Al Wood (17.8, 4.1). O'Koren, 6-7, is the finest all-around player in college. When he plays guard his place up front will be filled by either 6-11 Jeff Wolf or 6-10 Rich Yonaker, and a duo of 6-9 reserves—Peter Budko and Chris Brust.

Last year Carolina was vulnerable at the guard position. Dave Colescott, a non-shooting 6-2 playmaker, was effective, but when he was hurt, neither John Virgil or Jimmy Black could run the offense.

This year, 6-1 freshman Jimmy Braddock, a highly touted scorer and playmaker from Tennessee, will run the plays.

It's all overseen by Coach Dean Smith, who in the last 13 years has led the Tar Heels to nine first-place finishes in the tough Atlantic Coast Conference. Last year Carolina was 23-6. This year, under Smith, one of the most knowledgeable and inventive coaches in America, the Tar Heels should do at least as well.

3. Duke

As last season began, the Blue Devils were the unanimous choice as the nation's No. 1 team. After all, they had the same five starters who had gone to the 1977-78 NCAA finals. However, as the season progressed, the Blue Devils fluctuated between moments of brilliance and beguiling ineptitude.

continued

Both Notre Dame's pugnacious forward Kelly Tripucka (left) and Kentucky's steady playmaking guard Kyle Macy (top) should lead their talent-laden teams into the NCAA tournament next March.

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Top 20 *continued*

Rumors circulated that forward Gene (Tinkerbell) Banks (14.3 ppg, 8.5 rpg) was either failing out of school or deciding whether to go hardship to the pros. "He copped a blasé, attitude which negatively affected the team," says one ACC coach.

The bedeviled Duke team finished with a 22-8 record. And Coach Bill Foster was left with some major problems in motivating Banks and replacing the talent and leadership of departed guard Jim Spanarkel. Already Duke sources say Banks is ready to correct his lackadaisical ways and be a dominating force in a strong front line that includes kamikaze rebounder Ken Dennard and 6-11 center Mike Gminski (18.8 ppg, 9.2 rpg, 66 blocked shots), the ACC's Most Valuable Player last season.

Replacing Spanarkel will be either sophomore Vince Taylor or freshman Ron Emma, who averaged 31.8 ppg at Manhasset High in Long Island. The other guard will again be smart and steady Bob Bender.

The Duke bench, a weak spot last season, has been strengthened by freshman guard Chip Engelland and forwards Mike Tissan and Allen Williams, all prolific scorers. Duke will again utilize a run-and-gun offense while falling back into a zone defense where Gminski's presence in the middle can turn even leapers into creepers.

4. Indiana

Coach Bobby Knight has a penchant for two things: trouble and success. Last year, after a mediocre Big Ten season, Knight rallied this team to an upset of league co-champion Purdue to win the National Invitational Tournament and finish the season with a respectable 22-12 record. Knight, whom a fellow coach describes as "the type who'd invite you to a beer party and then lock the bathroom doors," then coached the U.S. team to a gold medal at the Pan American Games in Puerto Rico where he was arrested and convicted for assaulting a police officer.

Knight's top six players return, including 6-5 swingman Mike Woodson (21.0 ppg), a trio of forward-centers—Ray Tolbert (7.0 rpg), Steve Risley and Landon Turner—and guards Randy Wittman and Butch Carter.

Wittman was not the hard-nosed, take-charge point guard Knight wants running his system. Knight believes he found such a player in 6-1 guard Isiah Thomas. Thomas is lightning fast and can "stick it" from anywhere on the floor. Other newcomers are Chuck Franz, the state of Indiana's leading high school scorer with a 33-point aver-

age last season, and 6-8 center Steve Bouchie. Knight should be able to turn this bunch into a Big Ten conference champ, and maybe an NCAA finalist.

5. Louisiana State

Basketball players on the Baton Rouge campus this fall sported T-shirts with flaming red bull's eyes in the middle that read: *NCAA's in '80*. "Hey," says excitable Coach Dale Brown, "those shirts mean this is the year we hit our target—the finals. And right now we're as good as, if not better than, any



Skinny forward Louis Orr drives the Syracuse offense, one of the East's hottest.

team in the country."

Brown has four starters returning from last season's SEC championship team. And he also has, after a year's absence due to injury, 6-7 forward Durand Macklin, who averaged 19.0 ppg and 10.6 rpg in 1977-78. "Macklin," says one pro scout, "is the best power forward in college." Opposite Macklin is 6-9 DeWayne Scales (19.4 ppg, 9.1 rpg). "Durand and DeWayne are the best forward combo in the game," says Brown. "They play like Wicks and Rowe did on the great UCLA teams."

The other returning starters from last year's 23-6 team are 6-9 center Greg Cook and guards Jordy Hultberg and Ethan Martin, the team's playmaker. Coming off the bench will be freshmen Howard Carter and 6-8 Tyrone Black, who averaged 31.5 ppg and 13.3 rpg as a high school senior in Baton Rouge.

6. Notre Dame

The Irish have so much talent that, says Coach Digger Phelps: "I don't

continued

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| K HiFi & Electronics | W Travel |
| L Home Furnishings | X Office Furniture & Supplies |

Top 20 *continued*

worry about starting lineups. We just play a lot of people and find the right combination. This way everyone plays."

Back are forwards Tracy Jackson (11.7 ppg), Orlando Woolridge (11.0 ppg), Stan Wilcox and All-America Kelly Tripucka (14.3 ppg), an aggressive rebounder with an accurate long-range jumper. There's also newcomer 6-6 Bill Varner, who averaged 27.2 ppg, 15.3 rpg and 3.1 assists in high school in New Kensington, Pa.

The guards are senior Rich Branning, (10.2 ppg, 10.2 assists), who's been directing the Irish for three years, Bill Hanzlik, Mike Mitchell and highly-



Gifted but still learning, center Wayne McKoy is the key to St. John's fortunes.

regarded freshman John Paxson, brother of former Dayton All-America Jim.

Both of last year's centers, Bruce Flowers and Bill Lambeer, have graduated, but freshman Tim Andree, 6-10, could be better than either of them.

On paper, Notre Dame has more than enough talent to win the NCAA title. "But," says a rival coach, "that may be a problem. First of all, it's impossible to keep that many good players happy. And secondly, when you change your lineup so much, it may work during the season but at tournament time it hurts. When you need five to count on, you may not know who they are."

7. Ohio State

Not since the days of Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek has there been so much hoopla surrounding the Buckeyes' basketball team. Part of the excitement centers around guard Kelvin Ransey (21.4 ppg) and 6-10 Herb Williams (19.9 ppg, 10.4 rpg).

The real raving is being reserved for freshman sensation Clark Kellogg, a 6-7 forward who averaged 27.2 points and 15 rebounds at St. Joseph's High School in Cleveland. Kellogg once scored 51 points in the Ohio state high school championship final to break Jerry Lucas' record of 44. Says one envious Big Ten coach of the new Buckeye: "Clark is a franchise."

Other possible starters for Coach Eldon Miller are returning swingmen Carter Scott and Jim Ellinghausen and forward Jim Smith. Last year, the only thing that kept the Buckeyes from grander achievements than their 19-12 record was a lackluster offense. Miller says that problem will be corrected. If so, you can thank Clark Kent . . . er . . . Kellogg for that.

8. Louisville

Since coming to Lou-a-ville, as they say in Kentucky, Coach Denny Crum has had nine straight 20-win seasons. Things are not likely to change this year. The Cardinals return three of last season's starters: 6-8 forward Scooter McCray (10.1 ppg, 6.8 rpg) and guards Tony Branch and Darrell Griffith, a 6-4 All-America. Also back are 6-8 Wiley Brown and guards Jerry Eaves and Derek Smith. Griffith, or "Doctor Dunkenstein," as he is sometimes called, averaged 18.5 ppg last year. When Griffith takes charge, running the offense and crashing the boards (he has a 48-inch vertical leap) the effect on his teammates is galvanizing. "Since he came to Louisville, Darrell's improved his shooting, ball-handling, leadership and defense," says Crum. "Now he's a complete player, perhaps the best in the country."

As if the Cardinals don't already have enough talent to improve on last year's 24-8 record, they recruited 6-7 Rodney McCray, Scooter's "baby" brother. "Some baby brother," wails one coach. "Under the boards they're like a tag team match in wrestling. One beats everyone up, while the other gets the rebounds."

9. Syracuse

Coach Jim Boheim has four starters returning from last year's 26-4 Eastern Regional NCAA semifinalist and he recruited one of the finest high school players from New York City—Tony (Red) Bruin, who averaged 21.2 points

and 14 rebounds a game at Mater Christi High School.

Returning is 6-11 center Roosevelt Bouie (15. ppg, 8.6 rpg), an intimidating shot-blocker who continues to improve on offense. Also back are Olive Oylthin, 6-8 forward Louis Orr and the backcourt Cohen-Heads—guard Hal Cohen, a balding, long-range bomber, and Marty Headd, a clever ballhandler.

Thanks to Bruin's outside shooting, the Orangemen should not be as inept against zone defenses this year as they were last year. Despite a weak bench, (the best sub is Hall of Famer Dolph Schayes' son, 6-11 Danny), Syracuse will again win 20 games. Their schedule is not stiff and the Orangemen have lost only five games in Manley Fieldhouse in the last eight seasons. Those factors have led to high rankings, but flops in the testing, early rounds of the NCAA tournament have shown a lack of toughness Syracuse must overcome before it opens the door to the Final Four.

10. UCLA

Only at UCLA could a team lose three All-Americans (over 75% of its scoring) in David Greenwood, Roy Hamilton and Brad Holland, and still be expected to finish in the Top Ten. The reason is one great new recruit—new Coach Larry Brown, formerly the mentor of the NBA's Denver Nuggets. "I am absolutely ecstatic about coaching college basketball," says Brown, "especially at a school like UCLA, which has such a rich tradition."

And Brown will continue that tradition. He inherits a fine nucleus of returning veterans from last year's 25-5, Pac-10 championship squad in forwards Kiki Vandeweghe (14.2 ppg, 6.3 rpg), James Wilkes and Mike Sanders, along with center Gig Sims and guard Tyrone Naulls. Add to this a host of high school All-Americans that some observers are calling "the forerunners of another dynasty." There are 6-7 Darren Daye (31.4 ppg, 14.3 rpg, 8.2 assists), who has the potential to be another Marques Johnson; 6-1 guard Rod Foster; Mike Holton; and 6-8 Cliff Pruitt.

For Brown, the change from the pros to college should be pleasant. Now, says Brown, "When I yell at a player to hustle, I get action instead of blank stares."

11. DePaul

Sixty-six-year-old coach Ray Meyer came close last season to achieving his lifelong goal, winning the NCAA tournament. Regrettably, DePaul (26-6 last year) lost to Indiana State in the semifinals. This year Meyer, gunning for his 600th career coaching victory, has another shot at the Final Four despite losing two key starters. "Let us just say



High-flying DeWayne Scales has LSU fans' hopes soaring for a national title.

we're very optimistic," says Meyer.

The main reason for this optimism is the return of 6-7 forward Mark Aguirre. Aguirre (24.0 ppg, 7.6 rpg) is a physical, intelligent player who, says Meyer, "has a knack for coming up with the big basket when we need it most." Other returning starters include guard Clyde Bradshaw (11.0 ppg) and center-forward James Mitchem (8.3 ppg, 5.8 rpg).

What should really make the Blue Demons percolate this season is the addition of 6-8 Teddy Grubbs and 6-9 Terry Cummings at forward. "These two," says one coach, "have more moves than Burt Reynolds and Warren Beatty combined." Bernard Randolph, a high school teammate of Aguirre's, will direct the offense.

12. Virginia

"Last year," says coach Terry Holland, "we scored well, we played good defense, but what hurt us was a lack of a strong board game and a consistent scorer inside. That's why Ralph is going to be such a big help."

Ralph is 7-4 high school phenom Ralph Sampson out of Harrisburg High in Virginia. Sampson, whose nickname is "Stick"—he weighs only 210 pounds—was last season's Kareem of the scholastic crop, averaging 29.5 points and 20 rebounds.

Aside from Sampson, there's guard Jeff Lamp, who led the ACC in scoring last year with a 22.9 average. Lamp, a physically punishing player who can penetrate and rebound, is the premier guard in the talent-laden ACC. Other veteran Cavaliers returning from last season's 19-10 team are forwards Lee

Raker (16.5 ppg), Mike Owens (7.7 ppg), Terry Gates and guard Jeff Jones. For more rebounding strength there are newcomers 6-9 Lewis Lattimore and 6-8 Craig Robinson.

13. Purdue

Like Larry Bird last season, Purdue's All-America center Joe Barry Carroll has little to say to the press. "But," says coach Lee Rose, "Joe Barry doesn't have to speak. His performances speak for him." Indeed they do. The 7-1, 240-pound Carroll (22.8 ppg, 10.1 rpg) has finally made the full transformation from an awkward stringbean to a powerfully dominating shot-blocker. He was the reason why Purdue ranked 11th in the nation in defense last season.

In addition to Carroll, Purdue returns 6-7 forward Arnette Hallman, 6-5 swingman Drake Morris and point guard Brian Walker, one of the subjects of the basketball documentary movie, *The American Game*. Taking over for departed super-shooter Jerry Sichting will be either 6-5 sophomore Kevin Stallings or Keith Edmonson. The bench is questionable, although there's 6-7 Mike Searce ("a zone-busting shooter") and Brian's older brother, Steve.

Last year Purdue tied for the Big Ten title. This year, the conference is so strong that they may not be so fortunate.

14. St. John's

Last season little Louie Carnesecca took his Redmen (the last team selected for the NCAA tournament) to the Eastern Regional final. "Unbelievable, unbelievable," Louie kept shouting in his Vito Corleone voice outside the Greensboro Coliseum during the tournament last year.

Well, if Louie thought last season was unbelievable, what does he feel about this season? "It will be a struggle," says Louie, a master of understatement, for St. John's prospects this season are bright indeed. The backcourt of Bernard Rencher and Reggie Carter returns. The center will again be 6-10 Wayne McKoy (14.9 ppg, 7.7 rpg), who while still improving on shot selection, rebounding and defense, holds the key to the Redmen's season.

The forwards from last year's 21-11 team were Ron Plair, a clutch shooter, and Frank Gilroy. But this year they may be newcomers 6-4 Dave Russell and 6-8 Curtis Redding, a transfer from Kansas State where, two years ago as a freshman, he averaged 18.4 ppg. "Redding," says one pro coach, "is a pro prospect right now. He's smart, has a nice touch, and when he elbows an opponent, the guy needs a cab to get back on the court."

continued

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Top 20 *continued*

15. Georgetown

Coach John Thompson has his three best players returning from last season's 24-5 club. Guard John Duren (14.6 ppg, 157 assists) is one of the best in the country. Forward Craig Shelton (16.2 ppg, 8.2 rpg) is a genuine skywalker who also possesses fine offensive moves. And 6-3 Eric Floyd is a flashy operator who dazzles on the break. Otherwise, Thompson has 6-9 center Ed Spriggs and 6-7 forward Al Dutch.

The bench is weak and Thompson's starters will be playing the full 40 minutes game after game. The Hoyas, who play a relentless pressure defense, may therefore be hard-pressed to equal last season's mark of allowing opponents only 63.3 points a game.

16. Nevada-Las Vegas

Coach Jerry (Tark the Shark) Tarkanian welcomes back some great talent, not to mention nicknames, from last season's 21-8 team. There are guards Michael (Little Fella) Loyd, Freddie (Machine Gun) Thompson, leading scorer Flintie Ray Williams (17.9 ppg) and forwards Michael (Spiderman) Burns (10.1 ppg, 6.3 rpg) and Richard (Gunner) Box.

Now, moseying up the strip comes Sidney Green. Nope, no nickname yet; just credentials as a 6-9 high school All-America from Thomas Jefferson High in Brooklyn, N.Y., where he averaged over 35 points and 25 rebounds a game. Tark says he's the big man Vegas has long needed to break the NCAA bank. Tark also has newcomers 6-6 Larry Anderson and 6-8 Michael Johnson.

Because of the innuendo and accusation always surrounding Tark, who is still battling NCAA allegations of

improper recruiting, people often forget what a shrewd coach he is. He's averaged over 20 victories a season for the last 11 years. Now Tark swears Sidney Green is the man that can make Vegas. He could be right.

17. Brigham Young

"We have speed, height, strength, shooters, defenders, rebounders and, above all, talent," says Coach Frank Arnold. "And when you have talent you win and people notice you."

The most talented performer on Arnold's club is lightning-quick guard Danny Ainge (a second baseman in the Toronto Blue Jays' organization), who averaged 18.4 points, 3.8 rebounds and 4.5 assists a game last season. The rest of last season's starters on the 20-8 squad also return: 6-10 center Allen Taylor (13.6 ppg, 9.5 rpg), forwards 6-7 Devin Durrant (13.2 ppg, 5.2 rpg) and 6-10 Fred Roberts (14.3 ppg, 6.8 rpg) and guard Scott Runia (11.6 ppg). BYU's offensive manpower (they ranked 11th in the country last season with an 85.9 average) will be strengthened by 6-11 freshman Greg Kite from Madison High in Houston.

18. Virginia Tech

Last year the Hokies left the independent ranks and moved into the Metro Conference. Their debut was impressive—they won the conference post-season tournament and advanced to the NCAA tournament. They were led—and will be again this year—by 6-9 strongman Dale Solomon (17.8 ppg, 7.7 rpg), center Wayne Robinson (13.5 ppg, 9.1 rpg), forward Les Henson and guards Dexter Reid and Jeff Schneider, a deadly long-range shooter. On the bench are forwards Gordy Bryan, last season's top reserve, and newcomers Reggie Steppe and Mike Cooke.

"All my players," says coach Charlie Moir, "are young, mostly sophomores and juniors. Last year, they were inexperienced. However, this season they should exhibit the seasoning and poise and intelligence of a first-rate ballclub."

19. Georgia

The dark horse in the SEC and even the nation, Coach Hugh Durham, who put Florida State on the basketball map a few years ago, is doing the same with the Bulldogs. "There's no reason," he says, "Georgia can't be competitive with Kentucky and LSU."

That talent includes returning center Lavon Mercer (13.4 ppg, 7.7 rpg) and guards Eric Marbury (11.8 ppg) and Jimmy Daughtry (9.2 ppg). But, more significantly, it includes a host of freshmen from what experts agree is the finest recruiting year the school has ever

had. Aside from 6-6 Mike Morris (27.7 ppg, 16.7 rpg in high school), 6-4 Derrick Floyd, 6-8 Bobby Miles and 6-5 Lamar Heard, there are high school All-Americans 6-8 Terry Fair (a player graced with "a pro body," according to one coach, and the offensive and defensive talent to go with it), and 6-7 Dominique Wilkins (29 ppg, 17.2 rpg in high school). "Wilkins," says one rival coach, "is so devastating it amazes me that he even leaves the bones after working on a defensive player."

Georgia has the material. But Georgia is in the very tough SEC.

20. Kansas

The Jayhawks suffered through a disappointing 18-11 season last year due to a lack of outside shooting and offensive rebounding. Those problems, says Coach Ted Owens, have been rectified.

Expectations are running so high it's said that even though Kansas has four starters returning, only one may keep his position. That one, of course, is All-America guard Darnell Valentine (16.1 ppg, 4.6 rpg, 170 assists). "Darnell directs this team," says Owens.

Kansas runs a three-guard offense. At the point is Valentine flanked by Wilmore Fowler and Tony Guy, both of whom may be replaced by freshmen Ricky Ross and Keith Douglas.

Returning up front will be 6-7 sophomore John Crawford (10.2 ppg, 5.4 rpg) and either veterans Dave Magley and Booty Neal or newcomers Kelley Knight and 6-10 Art Housey.

Kansas' hopes ride on the development of Housey, the shooting of Ross and the leadership of Valentine.

Others To Watch: In the ACC, **North Carolina State**, with Hawkeye Whitney and Clyde (The Glide) Austin could prove troublesome for opponents. In the SWC, **Texas**, with 6-4, 215-pound Ron Baxter ("He may look big and slow and that's 'cause he is, but boy, can he play," says Coach Abe Lemons) could surprise. In the West Coast Conference, **San Francisco** looms powerful with 7-1 Wallace Bryant and freshmen sensations Quintin Dailey and Ray McCoy. In the Pac-10, **Arizona**, with its big front line, will cause teams fits. In the Big Ten, **Iowa** must be reckoned with because of high-scoring guard Ronnie Lester. In the **Big Sky** look for Weber State to continue its domination. Look, too, for **Missouri**, with 6-11 freshman Steve Stipanovich from St. Louis, and independent **Iona**, with All-America Jeff Ruland, to be strong, as well as **Marquette**, with Sam Worthen and Michael Wilson. Finally, watch **Seattle**, where Coach Jack Schalow is rebuilding this once highly regarded program.

UCLA looks to rebound from recent playoff losses on the strength of big James Wilkes.





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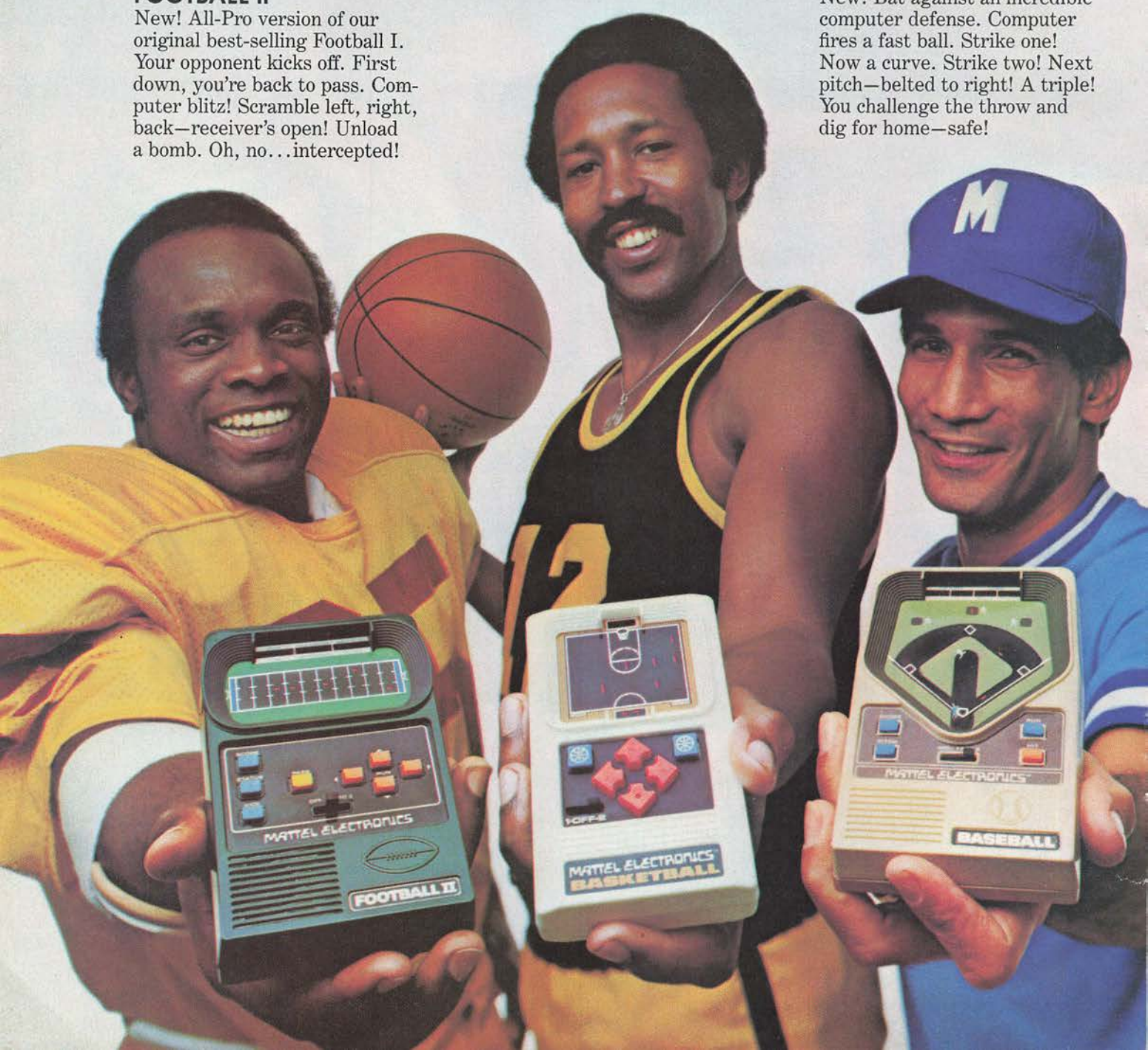
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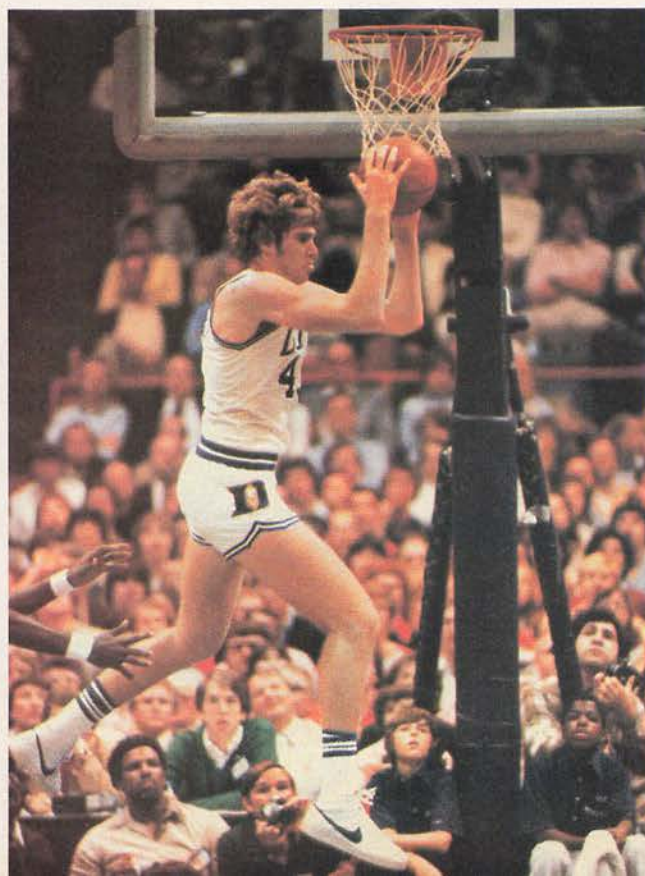
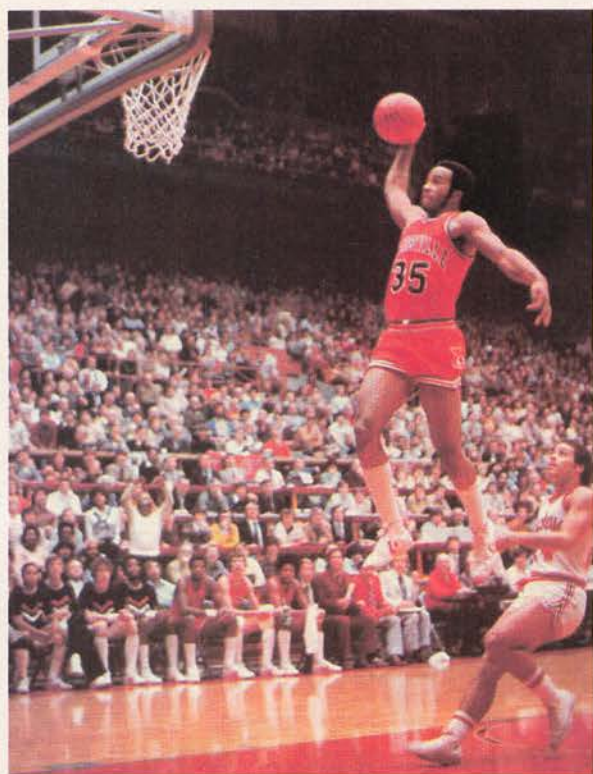
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North Carolina forward Mike O'Koren (left) is the only returning starter from last season's first team. When he graduates from Coach Dean Smith's tightly-patterned system O'Koren should be even more spectacular as a pro. A guard with super spring, Louisville's Darrell Griffith (bottom left) can spin an amazing 360-dunk—even under game conditions. Mike Gminski of Duke (bottom right) can shoot, rebound and play both high and low posts.



They Pay the Price To Be the Best

*The college basketball
All-Americans, selected by a veteran
scout for their NBA potential*

by JERRY KRAUSE

In 14 years of scouting for National Basketball Association teams, I've had to make some tough decisions on whom to draft—Earl Monroe or Walt Frazier, Jerry Sloan or Billy Cunningham, Norm Van Lier or Fred Carter, Ricky Sobers or Gus Williams, Alvan Adams or Junior Bridgeman? Picking this year's SPORT Preseason College All-America team is almost as difficult.

With the talent from the high schools and playgrounds getting better each year and spread out more evenly, and bright young innovative coaches using that talent in more sophisticated ways, the NBA scout's job has become more complicated than ever.

What are the basic criteria for my selections? The same factors that resulted in Rookie of the Year Awards for Monroe and Adams, and long careers for Sloan and Van Lier—quickness in the head, mind and feet; size, strength, defensive reactions, shooting ability, ball-handling and passing skills. Then I look for the intangible factors: players who've learned they have to pay a price with their bodies and minds to win; who will sacrifice individual glory for team concepts; who have the ability and character to make the "big play" on defense or the boards; and the courage to take the shot with the game on the line.

Last June's NBA draft saw all seven of the draftable players I picked on SPORT's first three teams selected in the first round. Each of my teams has been selected just as I'd make up an ideal pro team—big and small forwards, post, lead and second guards.

FIRST TEAM

MIKE O'KOREN, Small Forward North Carolina, 6-7, 207, senior

A year ago in this space I said O'Koren was "a throwback to the NBA I started in 15 years ago, a constant reminder of the man I consider to be the greatest competitor in history, Jerry Sloan."

O'Koren is still an excellent shooter, fine rebounder and outstanding transition player; thus becoming the only repeater on this year's first team. (One other player from last year's first-team selections, Kansas' Darnell Valentine, was eligible to repeat).

A street-smart product of the Jersey City playgrounds and three years of Coach Dean Smith's North Carolina system, O'Koren should be an even better pro than college player. Like Walter Davis, Phil Ford and Mitch Kupchak before him, O'Koren's skills, which now blend in with Smith's pattern-style of play, will stand out even more in the individually-oriented professional game.

With his strength, quick feet and analytical mind, he is an outstanding defensive forward and one of the few players who could have stepped off the campus at the end of his freshman year and into an NBA starting job.

Not blessed with great jumping ability or blazing speed, Mike is an overachiever who uses his tenacious aggressiveness to make up for his deficiencies by applying bumps and bruises to opposing players. Says Wake Forest Coach Carl Tacy: "He is the most fundamentally sound player in the college game today."

MIKE BROOKS, Power Forward LaSalle, 6-7, 221, senior

Because his shooting was suspect, Brooks just missed the third team a year ago. But thanks to a fine junior year (23.3 ppg, 13.3 rpg) and an outstanding Pan-American Games performance, he is picked as the power forward on this year's first team.

Another example of the new breed of power forwards (à la Leonard Robinson and Maurice Lucas), who can shoot effectively from 15 to 20 feet as well as pound the backboards and key the fast break, Brooks came into his own in the last year by markedly improving his shooting and ball-handling.

The only returning collegiate player with both over 1,000 points and rebounds, Brooks is a Philadelphian who stayed home to play college ball. His chances of becoming a great pro player were enhanced by three years of coaching in the pro style from Paul Westhead, who is now the Los Angeles Lakers assistant coach.

The East Coast Conference Player of the Year the last two seasons, Mike's great strength, quickness, jumping ability and mental toughness combined to make him an awesome rebounder in the physical style of international play at the Pan-American Games. He averaged

continued

All-Americas *continued*

17.0 per game and was the leading rebounder on the Pan-Am team, prompting its coach, Bobby Knight, to say, "If I were to start a college team today, the first player I'd pick would be Mike Brooks." For the pros, Mike needs only to improve his defense, where his strength and quickness could be used more effectively.

JOE BARRY CARROLL, Center **Purdue, 7-1, 240, senior**

The center on any All-America first team should be the most dominating player in the college game. Thus Joe Barry Carroll—a third-team selection a year ago and now the most intimidating force at both ends of the court this side of the NBA—literally leaped over Mike Gminski of Duke onto the first team.

A native of Denver who is called "Rocky Mountain High" because of his height, Carroll has vastly improved every phase of his game. Developing great power moves to the hoop by putting the ball on the floor and taking his 240 pounds high over the defense, he raised his sophomore dunk total of 25 to 70 as a junior. And by honing his 12- to 15-foot jump shot, he became a threat from the high post as well. A fearsome defender with quickness and awareness, he has learned to see the entire court and

Forward Mike Brooks of LaSalle silenced skeptics with his fine Pan-Am Games play.



leave his man on defense to block shots.

Since arriving at West Lafayette three years ago as an uncoordinated freshman, he's made more improvement than any college center in the nation and last year led Purdue to the NIT final. But he still has to improve his passing—he was credited for only 29 assists in 35 games—to be a total player. If he adds that skill, he could be the No. 1 choice in next June's draft.

SAM WORTHEN, Lead Guard **Marquette, 6-5½, 195, senior**

The differences between Marquette's Sam Worthen, Kansas' Darnell Valentine and Kentucky's Kyle Macy are minute. Worthen is the biggest, Valentine is the quickest and Macy is the best scorer. Worthen, in my opinion, is the best passer of the three and thus becomes the first-team selection at the vital lead guard spot.

A junior-college transfer and a New York playground product, Worthen emerged as the premier playmaker in the nation last year while leading a graduation-riddled Marquette team to a surprising 22-7 record and an NCAA tournament bid.

The biggest lead guard in the nation, his passing skills—which can be razzle-dazzle or surgically efficient—turned the Warriors from an ultraconservative team to one with a wide-open attack. He broke the Marquette single-season assist mark by averaging close to seven per game on a team that scored an average of only 71 points.

Loyola of Chicago Coach Jerry Lyne says of Worthen: "He is the best penetrating guard in the nation. He gets inside against a 6-foot-10 center and it's a mismatch because Worthen has the ability to find the open man so easily."

Even though Marquette faces mostly zone-defenses, and Worthen uses his strength well to drive to the basket, he needs to work on his 20-foot jumper and to shoot more (he attempted only eight shots a game, averaging 12 points last season). When he can keep defenses honest with his shooting, his assist totals will soar even higher.

DARRELL GRIFFITH, Second Guard **Louisville, 6-4, 190, senior**

The finest pure athlete in college basketball, Griffith came into his own at both ends of the court last year. A super jumper, he performed the unbelievable 360-degree midair dunk three times in college games. He has exceptional quickness, great hands and uncanny open-court vision.

Griffith's defense, which was criticized by scouts his first two years, showed vast improvement last season. His coach, Denny Crum, explains this

by saying, "He had never really been asked to play total defense, but last year we asked him to be our defensive leader and he made up his mind to do it." The 3.0 student put his intelligence to good use defensively and did a fine job taking on the opposition's toughest offensive guard one-on-one. He did this while still leading the team in scoring—shooting just under 50 percent as the Cardinals' lone outside threat—and finishing second on the team in assists.

If he continues to sharpen his defense, he has a chance to repeat his high school feat of being the top player in his graduating class—a rare accomplishment.

SECOND TEAM

DAN VRANES, Small Forward **Utah, 6-7, 205, junior**

Having added 18 pounds of muscle over the last year to go with his excellent quickness, fine shooting range and jumping ability, Vranes was one of the few easy choices for the second team.

One of the prime Olympic team candidates, well versed in international play after a berth on the Pan-American Games team, the Utah native enters his junior year with the kind of mental and physical credentials that spell "Can't Miss" on scouts' future lists. Chicago Bull General Manager Rod Thorn says, "Vranes reminds me a lot of Bobby Jones, but with more offensive ability."

Utah Coach Jerry Pimm, whose teams always play a pro-style running offense, says Vranes "does things so effortlessly that it appears at times as though he's not working hard." Next year, Vranes could be on the first team if he works on his ball-handling and his defense, which has suffered because coaches have been so enamored of his spectacular offensive abilities.

DURAND MACKLIN, Power Forward **Louisiana State, 6-7, 205, senior**

Although he played only two games as a junior before breaking a bone in his foot, the all-round skills he displayed as a freshman and sophomore prompted Atlanta Hawk General Manager Lew Schaffel—one of the game's best judges—to say, "Macklin is the most silent 20-point, 10-rebound-a-game college player I've ever seen."

A former high school All-America from Louisville and the SEC Freshman and Sophomore of the Year, Macklin is now physically fit to resume his leadership role in the resurgent LSU program. Quick to the ball, a strong leaper and a bruiser under the boards, he's a very methodical player in the Paul Silas mold. Like Silas, Macklin's outside shooting range could be extended.

LSU Coach Dale Brown, who



Purdue center Joe Barry Carroll (right) may be the No. 1 pick in next year's NBA draft.

stresses team play, says, "Macklin is a great all-round player and does the really important things it takes to win."

MIKE GMINSKI, Center
Duke, 6-11, 245, senior

Gminski, a second-team selection a year ago, had an excellent junior season, averaging 18.8 ppg, 9.2 rpg and shooting 51.9 percent from the field.

Only 20 years old as a senior, Gminski will be one of the youngest players in the NBA next year. He's the best outside-shooting big man in college and tough inside as well. "I don't know of anybody who can stop his hook shot," says Wake Forest Coach Carl Tacy. This ability to play well at both the high and low post is something few NBA centers can do. And his defense, while not as intimidating as Joe Barry Carroll's, is sound because Mike makes good use of his mind as well as his body.

Quick, very strong and an excellent rebounder, Gminski has been the dominant player in the tough ACC the last two years and has led the Blue Devils in virtually every category except assists—an area he needs to strengthen to become a top pro center.

DARNELL VALENTINE, Lead Guard
Kansas, 6-2, 180, junior

A year ago, Darnell Valentine narrowly edged out Earvin (Magic) Johnson as the lead guard on the first team—and then Johnson came on to lead Michigan State to the NCAA title and become the No. 1 choice in the NBA draft after declaring hardship.

Valentine is maturing at a slower pace than Magic in the painstakingly compli-

cated process of becoming a total guard, but that is not to suggest that the super-quick Valentine had a poor season by any means. He averaged 5.9 assists a game—the key statistic for a lead guard—and led his team in scoring. But he still needs to improve his .443 shooting from the floor and must learn to use his speed to penetrate for easier shots. When he does that and improves his leadership, he's got a great chance to be an outstanding pro lead guard.

KYLE MACY, Second Guard
Kentucky, 6-3, 188, senior

A first-round selection by the Phoenix Suns in last June's draft, Macy, one of the great competitors in basketball, decided to return to Kentucky for his senior year. This all-purpose guard can fill the lead or second guard role and is as tough as they come at both ends of the court. A transfer from Purdue, he has been the leader on a national championship team while sacrificing his offensive skills for the team good. Averaging only 15.2 ppg but 4.2 assists, he is only 13 assists shy of the all-time Kentucky record. Yet in the SEC tournament last year, Macy put on a shooting display (23.3 ppg) and was the tournament's Most Valuable Player.

Macy so impressed the Suns that General Manager Jerry Colangelo traded for a first-round pick that allowed him to draft Macy and then agreed to wait until the end of Kyle's senior season to sign



Marquette's 6-5 Sam Worthen is known as "the best penetrating guard in the nation."



Utah junior Dan Vranes' leaping abilities make him a contender for the Olympic team.

him—the same thing Boston did with Larry Bird a year ago.

THIRD TEAM

MIKE WOODSON, Small Forward
Indiana, 6-5, 195, senior

Blessed with the best natural quickness of any forward on the three teams, Woodson is an excellent shooter and led the scoring on the Pan-American Games team with 18.3 ppg. He reminds many scouts of a young Walter Davis.

Mike was the Big Ten's second-leading scorer last year, and this season the senior has a chance to become Indiana's greatest player ever. In my opinion, he is a far better natural athlete than Scott May, the No. 2 draft choice three years ago.

KELLY TRIPUCKA, Power Forward
Notre Dame, 6-6, 225, junior

Scoring averages can be misleading and the prime collegiate example is one of our third-team forwards, Notre Dame's Kelly Tripucka. The 6-foot-6 junior averaged only 14.3 ppg last season, but led his team to the most important statistical column: a 24-6 record and an NCAA tournament bid.

A former high school All-America, he is powerful and extremely unselfish. Last season Tripucka shot .516 from the floor and .854 from the free-throw line,

continued
53

All-Americans *continued*



but he still needs to work on his dribbling and on his defensive reactions to become a top pro prospect.

HERB WILLIAMS, center
Ohio State, 6-10, 245, junior

Quick enough to play the power forward role on the United States' Spartakiade all-star team in Russia last summer, strong enough to lead the Big Ten in rebounding and durable enough to average 39 minutes of playing time per game, Ohio State's Williams gives the Big Ten two of the first three center spots in this year's preview picks.

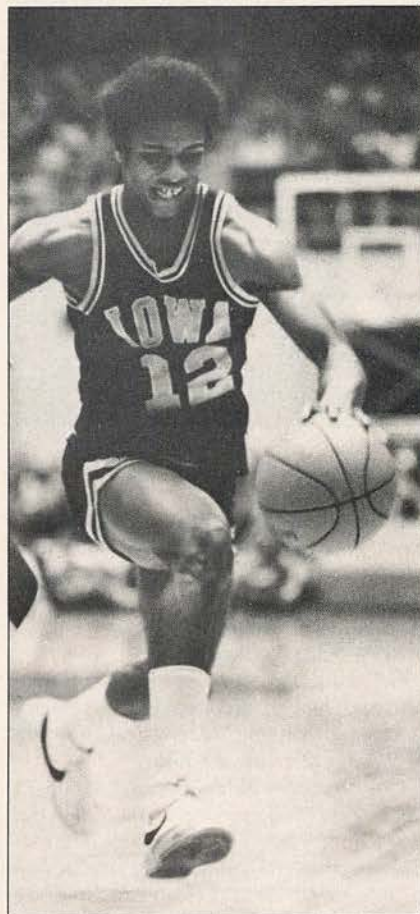
The Columbus, O., high school product has improved in every phase of his game and gained 20 pounds of muscle to fight the board wars in what many scouts think is the nation's most physical conference. Williams has a fine shooting range to go with his strong defensive skills. He can develop into the nation's premier college center by the time he is a senior.

EDDIE HUGHES, Lead Guard
Colorado State, 5-10, 150, sophomore

A product of the Chicago playgrounds, Eddie Hughes is called "Mr. Quick" by Colorado State fans. The third-team lead guard is virtually unknown nationally at this writing, but

Two juniors with star-quality potential are Kansas guard Darnell Valentine (top), a fine passer, and Buckeye center Herb Williams, who could play power forward in the pros.

he's the first freshman ever to make the Western Athletic Conference all-star team as a unanimous selection—and its a conference renowned for its backcourt play. As good a defensive guard as there is in the college game—a reincarnation of another diminutive WAC guard named Nate Archibald—the skinny lit-



Iowa guard Ronnie Lester, a two-time All-Big Ten selection, is one of the quick ones.

tle kid was named the Most Valuable Player in the Chicago summer league even though he competed against a lot of NBA players.

RONNIE LESTER, Second Guard
Iowa, 6-2, 175, senior

Extremely quick, a great open-court player, smart enough to have toned down his Chicago playground style and merged into Iowa Coach Lute Olson's offense, Lester has the raw skills to be either a scoring guard or a lead guard. Last season he averaged 18.7 points and 5.3 assists per game.

A two-time All-Big Ten selection and the only senior on the Iowa team this year, he'll have to be both the scoring and floor leader. Though he was the only player to start every game for the Pan-American team, he still has to concentrate on his pattern play to become a high choice in next June's draft. □



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Photographed at Lake Beauvert, Jasper, Canada.



The rodeo crowd falls quiet,
the chute swings open and it's

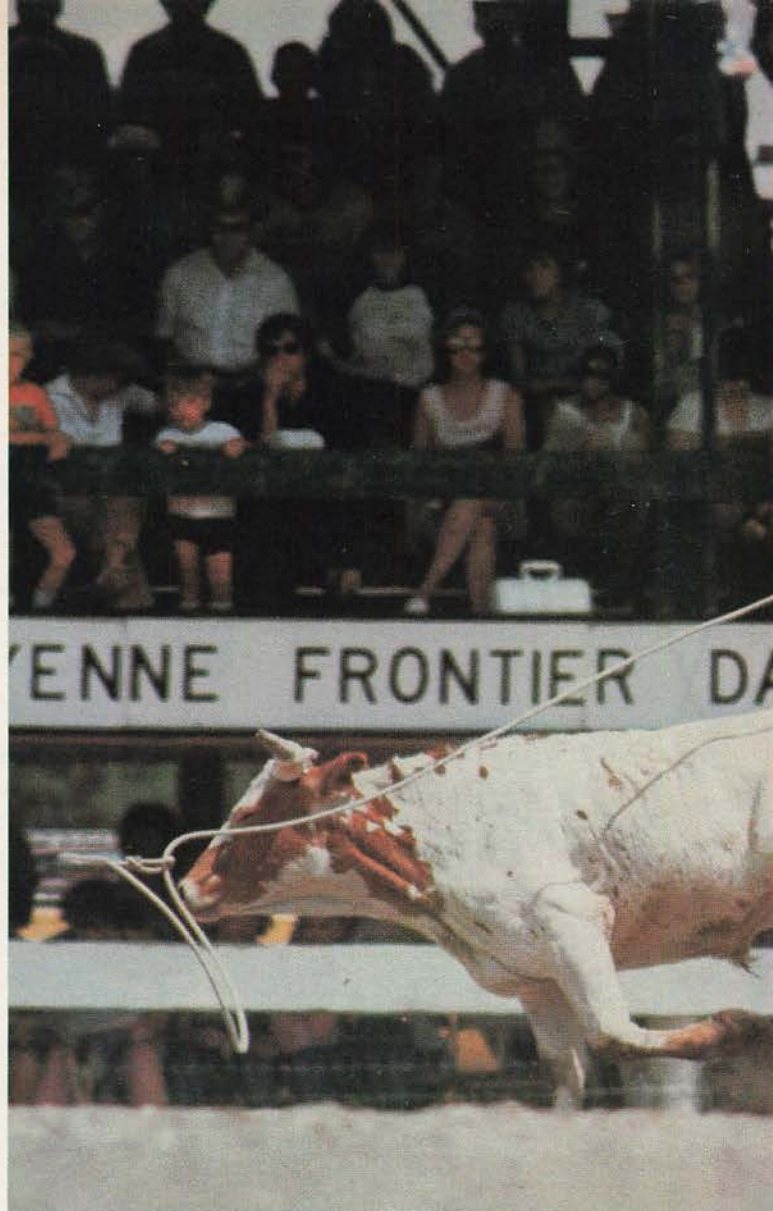
Cowboy Up!

It's come a far piece since a century ago when a handful of half-drunk cowhands met at a railhead to brag about who could wrestle down a steer or rope a calf or break a wild horse the fastest. Today the rodeo riders are professional athletes who may have gone to college on a rodeo scholarship. They can dial a computer to register for competition and try to lasso some of the \$9 million in prize money offered at over 600 rodeos, including the \$450,000 at this month's prestigious National Finals at Oklahoma City. Here and on the following pages are the bone-crunching moments of the modern rodeo, where cowboys still bump and flail and dive into the dirt, only to wipe off their Levi's and come back for more.

continued

Photographs by RICH PILLING





The Bone-Jangling Drama of Men and Mounts

Come July, the hills around Cheyenne swarm with 'em—posses of tourists spurring their Winnebagos across the ridges and into town. The sky roars to life as bigtime cowboys fly in by Cessna, sporting gold belt buckles won at Albuquerque and Omaha and Salinas. Less highfalutin' rodeo bums rattle in by pickup, well-worn saddles slung in the back. Suddenly this week, motel rates give new meaning to the phrase "slightly higher in the West," and genuine imitation Wild West souvenirs fill just about every shop in Cheyenne.

When this Wyoming city holds its Frontier Days celebration . . . well, no place knows about whooping it up like a Western town. And for all its modern trappings, chairs still crash through saloon windows after sundown. Jeans don't have French signatures etched

daintily across the rear. And there's still the main event—the rodeo.

Cheyenne Frontier Days is the biggest display of rodeo madness anywhere, and though its importance for the athletes doesn't quite approach that of the annual National Finals, it's still the granddaddy of them all.

For all the parades and ceremony and hubbub, though, it all comes down to what transpires in an oversized corral called an arena. Lanky bull riders squeeze their chaps around 1,600 pounds of muscle-bunched, molten-eyed Brahman. Cowboys jangle their innards on bucking broncos, saddled or barebacked (at right); they test their roping skills on pesky calves or runaway steers (above right); they wrestle cattle to the ground. At a pageant like Frontier Days, they also partake of rodeo's more

obscure events, such as the wild horse race, where two cowboys try to saddle an unbroken mustang (above). Some rodeos offer the wild cow milking contest, wherein the winner must be the first to collect a drop of the beverage in a small-necked bottle.

As the bareback rider pictured here will testify, rodeo riders tend to lack a certain degree of common sense, and part of rodeo's excitement is the possibility of being "dusted"—getting driven into the ground by a large and unfriendly animal who wouldn't at all mind doing a little trampling to finish the job. Injuries are legion and usually are met with a shrug. As one much-impressed Eastern dude put it, "The cowboys represent the last frontier of pure, unpampered athletes in an age when basketball players put Ace bandages on acne."

continued





From Burkburnett All the way to Sombrero Butte

Real oldtime frontier types were too smart to try to ride bulls—at least when they were sober—but even if they had, they would have needed some variation on today's rodeo clown, whose near-suicidal task is to divert the bull's attention after the angry animal has deposited its rider in the dirt. But the chuck-wagon races and the steer wrestling and the rest of the rodeo show represent the preservation of a whole way of life, a history of making something out of the range.

The sensible, work-scarred names and places prove it. Jess and Buck Goodspeed of Wetunka, Okla. may not ride the circuit anymore, and neither does Ross Dollarhide, but Rusty Riddle

does. So does Roy Cooper, or "Cooper the Looper," who, they say, "can rope and tie a calf faster than most folks can tie their shoes."

Their names, and the scraps of prairie they come from, recall the rodeo men of an untamed America: Shoat Webster and Buck Sorrels, Willard Combs and Delbert Hataway and Homer Pettigrew, Casey Tibbs and Zeno Farris and Troy Fort; who come from places like Pawhuska and Red Lodge, Burkburnett and Sombrero Butte, Twain Harte and Battle Mountain and Strong City.

But listen here—don't let on that last year's champion bull rider was born and raised in the sagebrush of New Jersey.



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20
MG. TAR
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16
MG. TAR
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17
MG. TAR
1.4 MG. NIC.



17
MG. TAR
1.2 MG. NIC.



16
MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.

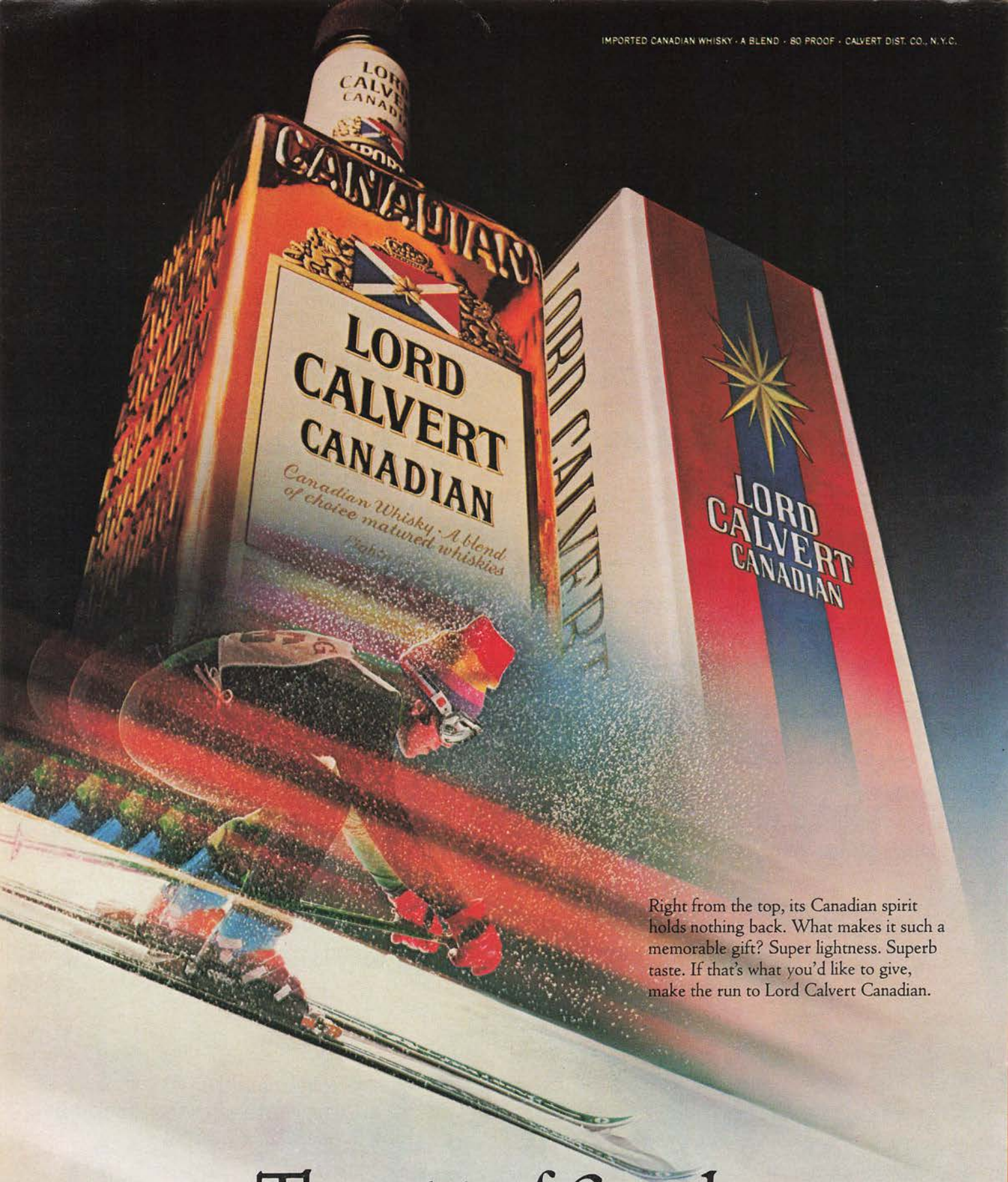


19
MG. TAR
1.3 MG. NIC.



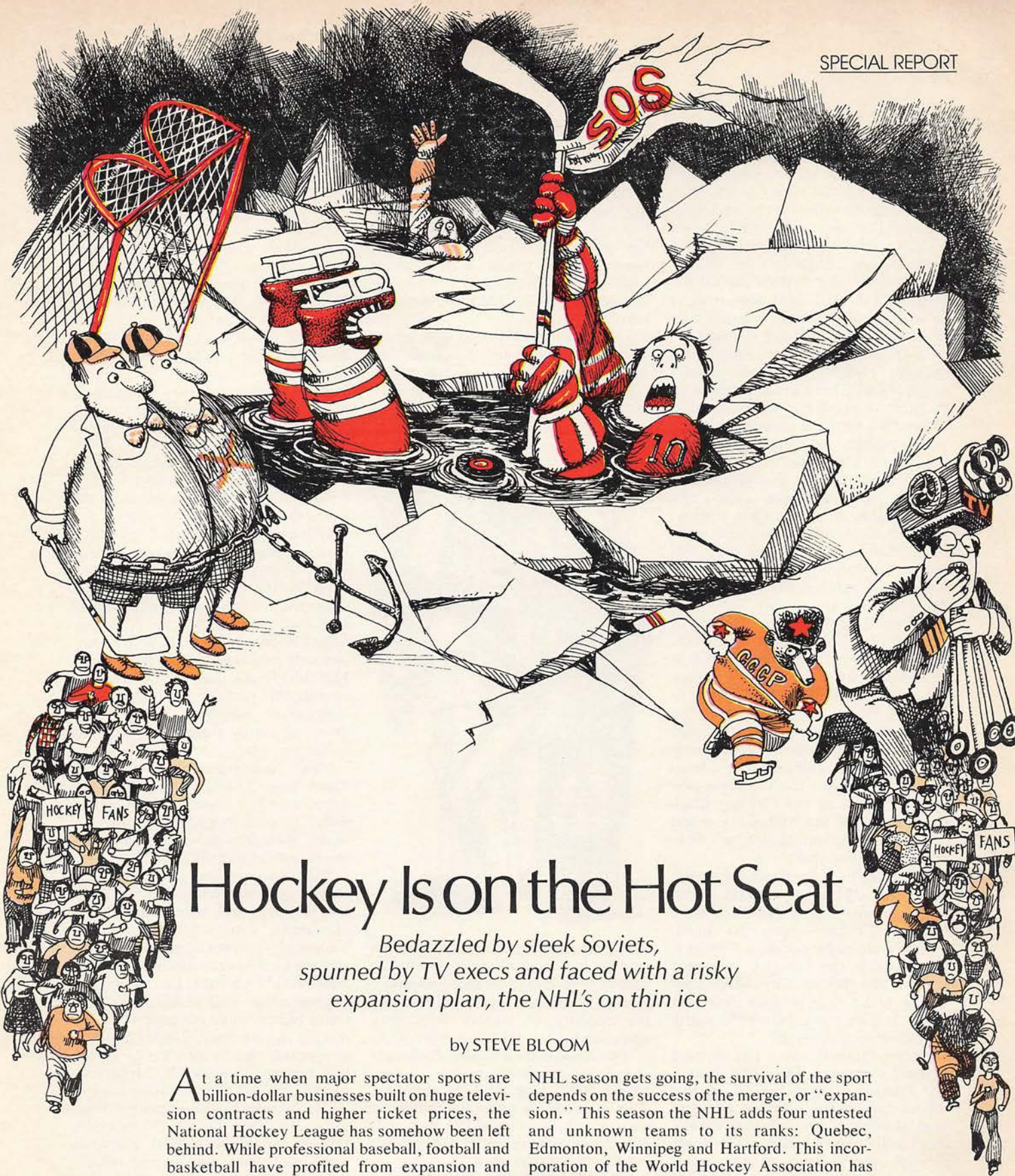
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Hockey Is on the Hot Seat

Bedazzled by sleek Soviets, spurned by TV execs and faced with a risky expansion plan, the NHL's on thin ice

by STEVE BLOOM

At a time when major spectator sports are billion-dollar businesses built on huge television contracts and higher ticket prices, the National Hockey League has somehow been left behind. While professional baseball, football and basketball have profited from expansion and mass marketing, the sports boom of the '60s and '70s passes into a new decade with hockey skating around aimlessly in search of an identity.

The components of a successful spectator sport are still there—the jarring body checks, the spectacular breakaway scores, the split-legged saves of 90 mile-an-hour slap shots. But as the 1979-80

NHL season gets going, the survival of the sport depends on the success of the merger, or “expansion.” This season the NHL adds four untested and unknown teams to its ranks: Quebec, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Hartford. This incorporation of the World Hockey Association has been hailed by the hockey hierarchy as a cure-all, but many feel it creates as many problems as it solves. For one thing, as part of the expansion deal, each new team was subjected to a draft system which amounted to highway plunder. The league then instituted a balanced schedule that cannot help but erode hockey’s natural rivalries.

continued

Hockey *continued*

Equally as alarming for the sport is the lack of a major television contract. Some teams are already in precarious financial straits. Can they survive on what amounts to gate revenue alone? The questions don't stop in the back rooms, either. On the ice, the NHL must adjust to the Soviet challenge for world hockey supremacy after last season's embarrassing Challenge Cup, when a Russian team skated rings around the NHL's best. The next few seasons could make or break the future of professional hockey in North America.

On the surface, hockey people sound hopeful. Philadelphia Flyer player-coach Bobby Clarke echoes the feeling of most of the NHL when he says: "Now that we have accomplished the WHA merger, we can start working towards the betterment of the sport."

John Ziegler, who is entering his third year as NHL president, adds: "We found as long as we were two leagues, we spent more time fighting each other rather than building up the game. For the first time since 1971 [when the WHA was established] the NHL is in a position to control its own fate."

Controlling fate may be the NHL's spiritual objective, but cutting costs is clearly its bottom line. After the 1978-79 season, ten out of the league's 17 franchises were either submerged or close to being in red ink, including two of last year's playoff teams, the Pittsburgh Penguins and the Atlanta Flames: each lost more than a million dollars. Even more alarming was the \$1 million-plus loss sustained by the Chicago Black Hawks, one of the NHL's six oldest franchises. They were the league's fifth-lowest draw last year.

According to Black Hawk owner Bill Wirtz, his club's woes began seven years ago when the WHA—namely, the Chicago Cougars—came to town. "Those were nightmare days," he says, remembering the Cougars' two-year stint in the Windy City. "All they wanted to do was fight with us for the dollar. It wasn't long before the public got fed up with the war."

Ziegler sympathizes. "I'm alarmed anytime our teams are losing money. The objective of the league is to see that all our clubs have a chance to break even. If we get ourselves in that posture, then it will be much easier to solve other problems like realignment [what teams go in what divisions], scheduling and lack of exposure."

Major decisions concerning rule changes and divisional realignment had to be shelved because league officials were so busy with the WHA accord this past off-season. There was, however,

time to implement the balanced schedule. Each team will play every opponent four times—two home, two away—and the classic matchups between traditional foes will be discarded.

"I'll tell why we went to the balanced schedule," raves Boston's anti-merger general manager, Harry Sinden. "The only way they could get this amalgamation with the WHA was to swing one of the 'nay' votes [on the NHL Board of Governors]. So the pro-merger people told Vancouver if they voted for amalgamation, then they'd make sure we had a balanced schedule."

The Vancouver Canucks were one of the five teams (Boston, Montreal, Los Angeles and Toronto were the others) who opposed the merger. But they did a little horsetrading. While the Canadiens



finally relented because of negative fan reaction in Canada, Vancouver used its vote to bargain for a balanced schedule. Fearing the merger would fall through, the majority of owners reluctantly agreed to the last-minute compromise.

"We held out for a balanced schedule strictly for attendance reasons," Vancouver GM Jake Milford explains. "We're struggling to draw fans here so we need to present teams like Montreal, New York, Boston and Philadelphia to our fans more than once."

With the addition of the new teams, the league would have had to realign the divisions to promote rivalries, which would open, Ziegler says, a "Pandora's box." Penguin Vice-President J. Paul Martha explains. "Take Los Angeles, for example. L.A. doesn't want to see

Colorado that much because they're obviously not one of the powers in the NHL. Consequently, they don't want to hear about a West Coast division since there's not enough strength and popularity among the clubs out there."

The New York Rangers' Phil Esposito may echo fan sentiment when he refers to the realignment controversy as "silly and stupid. I happen to believe that rivalries make any sport go. You've got natural geographic rivalries like Hartford and Boston, or Quebec and Montreal, yet they're not in the same division. But what good would it do shuffling divisions without an unbalanced schedule? I mean, who's fooling whom here?"

Ziegler's response reveals the gravity of the league's financial situation. "The difficulty we have with dealing with all these issues is that the competitive finish has become very closely tied to economic success. If we can take some of that pressure off, it will be easier for the teams to deal with new ideas."

That explains the thinking behind last June's rather ignominious reentry draft involving the four WHA squads. Unlike the AFL-NFL and ABA-NBA mergers, where the younger leagues were able to keep their teams intact, the NHL permitted the incoming WHA clubs to protect only two skaters and two goalies. The older league then feasted upon the considerable remains. To complete the "expansion," the NHL then put their third and fourth-stringers up for grabs by the new teams.

New York Islander goalie Chico Resch said, "I cannot believe the NHL did that to the teams. I think it was greed. Why not bring them in competitively? Now they have to rebuild their teams and fan identification."

Still, some veteran NHL teams have rebuilding of their own to do. Although four usually weak-sister franchises—Minnesota, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and Vancouver—improved greatly last season, the trick now is to repair ailing organizations like Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. The draft should help these teams become more competitive. As for making more money, Ziegler hopes to accomplish this by developing "ancillary income" through TV, advertising, promotions and international games.

But Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL Players Association, says, "I don't think the NHL will turn a profit until it gets another network TV contract, and I don't think that will be for a long time. The answer for hockey right now is to sell out every night." Eagleson points out that the Canadian teams have an advantage because they share in a lucrative *Hockey Night in Canada* contract that American teams

do not fully participate in. "If we didn't have that," says Vancouver's Milford, "We'd lose money every year. Last year we just about broke even."

Network coverage of NHL games has never been successful in the U.S. From 1973 to 1975 NBC-TV's hockey ratings dwindled from a below-average 5.4 (15 percent of the total sets on at the time) to a dismal 3.8. Disgruntled affiliates, especially in the Southwest, began refusing the Game of the Week. "When stations begin saying, 'No thank you, I'll take a Tarzan rerun,' you know you're in real trouble," reports an NBC spokesman.

The NHL's network failure has left it scrambling for other TV options. NHL Director of Broadcasting Joel Nixon is involved in various experiments with independent television networks and a cable *Monday Night Game of the Week* program starting December 3. Nixon concedes, though, that while football averages \$5 million per team, baseball \$2 million and basketball nearly \$1 million, hockey can only hope to clear "low six figures" from TV this year.

Many people feel that a network contract is not as crucial to the league as cleaning up its image as a violence-prone sport played by uneducated Canadians who speak poor English. "I'm tired of the image of hockey players as stupid Canadians or Eskimos or Frenchmen who can't speak English," complains Esposito. "Hockey players are not dummies à la *Slapshot*. Try to get on *The Johnny Carson Show*. They're afraid you might say something stupid. Maybe years ago, Johnny Carson or Mike Douglas had someone on who said, 'Eh, da puck dare go troo da leg dare.' Maybe they just don't think hockey's a major-league sport."

NHL hockey certainly didn't look like a major-league sport in last winter's Challenge Cup, when a quick-skating and smooth-passing Russian team outslipped the NHL's roughhouse all-star squad two games to one. Though it is generally accepted that the Soviets have derived much of their pass-and-skate technique from Canadian hockey, many now believe they have gone one-up on North American play.

"A lot of old-timers won't agree with me," Boston GM Harry Sinden says, "but there are some aspects of the Soviet game, like that speed and stick-handling, you just can't push under the rug. It's tremendous. I think the coaches who feel an old dog can't learn new tricks are crazy."

"I don't like the Russian style at all," Colorado Coach Don Cherry rebuts. "I fall asleep watching the Finns, Swedes and Russians pass. Don't tell me that people don't come to see a little hitting.

Like last year in Boston—guess which the fans went more nuts over—a nice, smooth Jean Ratelle goal or a Terry O'Reilly fight?"

Washington GM Max McNab holds the majority opinion. "The perfect hockey game lies about halfway across the Atlantic. We have a better spectator sport, but we could use some of the Russians' finesse and polish. I'd say a game that's 60-40 in favor of our contact game is the perfect spectacle."

Already, some Russian practices, like lane-switching by forwards on break-outs, slot-positioning by offensive-minded defensemen and a general emphasis on stickhandling and passing, are filtering into the NHL's game. The intended results are to increase scoring opportunities, the lack of which has



become another NHL concern.

"I'm not sure there's a need to increase scoring, but I do think there is a need to increase scoring chances," says Clarke. "In baseball, people want to see runs and in hockey, people want to see body checking and an occasional fight. But most of all they want to see breakaways and scoring chances."

The purists among the players, like Esposito, disagree. "Hey," he says, "a 0-0 tie I was in with the Bruins against the Canadiens was the greatest game I was ever involved in."

Resch would like to see officials taking more control of the action. "Like the falling-on-the-puck business. You've got the puck out in front of the net, the crowd sees a potentially good scoring play—then the defenseman falls on the

puck. Dead play. I just think the wide-open stuff is what the fans want to see."

Ziegler's response to these cries is predictably diplomatic. "Basically, I think the game is pretty sound," he says. "We made a red line change last year which, I think, helped speed up the game [loosening the definition of off-side]. But I'd like to think I have an open mind on everything."

On many issues the NHL is about as open-minded as a dictator in a banana republic, and its procrastination on others is inexcusable. Take the question of regular-season overtime, which was recently rejected by a league vote, and dealt yet another blow to hockey fans craving more scoring and excitement.

Advocates of overtime (most favor the WHA's ten-minute limited variety) contend that it's in the best interest of hockey and the fans. Though the number of tie games did drop last year from 132, the previous season's record total, to 111, some are still convinced that road teams "play for the tie."

"Absolutely," Clarke insists. "A lot of teams play that way all the time. Say for instance you're up in Montreal—if you can get a tie you're happy with one point. But it doesn't make for a very exciting hockey game for the fan."

The NHL's gesture for fans this season calls for expansion of its playoff format, which will allow 16 of the 21 teams to be eligible for post-season play. With four division winners and 12 wild-card entries, a furious end-of-the season scramble is expected. Due to an additional preliminary round, the playoffs could run as late as May 29. But players maintain that money is behind the expanded playoffs.

"It's obvious why they're doing it," Resch remarks. "Baseball doesn't have to bother because they have the big TV contract. Hockey doesn't have a choice because it gets its revenue from games."

"Tough problem," says Ziegler. "If there was a way that, economically, we could accommodate the costs of operation and play 70 games, I'm sure we'd consider it. Actually, a May 29 finish isn't the problem. It's October and November, during the World Series and football, when we have our lowest attendance figures of the season."

So next May hockey players will still be on the ice. And the NHL hierarchy will be reevaluating, looking ahead. Right now, Ziegler is promising an unbalanced schedule and "some" realignment within the next three years. But as many hockey fans know, promises only are promises. As for this NHL campaign—filled with doubt and uncertainty and a small amount of hope—all the president can say is that "it will be one very curious year." □

Worth Her Skates in Gold

Linda Fratianne's new fire on the ice burns up her competitors—and should dazzle figure-skating judges at the Olympics

by ROBIN FINN

Outside Linda Fratianne's hotel window it is a snowy Saturday morning in Cincinnati. Last night she had competed for her third straight National Figure Skating Championship title, but right now, as her mother Virginia cautiously opens the door, Linda is fast asleep. She is wearing two lumpy white pillows like a pair of earmuffs.

"She was up doing photography shootings till 3:30," Virginia whispers, "but she'll wake up in a second."

The 19-year-old did, the pupils of her huge eyes swollen with sleep, her grin groggy, her recently bobbed nose adding to her youthful attractiveness. In her rumpled, pink flannel nightgown and unselfconscious languor, Fratianne was worlds away from the made-up red lips and rouged cheekbones of last night's figure skating competition. This morning she looked like the *true* version of the petite, childlike genius of a skater who had undergone an arduous transformation into a self-assured competitive bombshell on the ice. Fratianne was wearing tousled hair and wrinkled sheets, propped up in a bed surrounded by wilting flowers. She was both exhausted and elated, like a Tri-Delt coed the morning after the prom. And contrary to public opinion, she was anxious to talk about her situation.

"I swear this championship's been like a beauty contest. You know, 5-foot-8-inches tall, blond and beautiful!" she blurts in her high-pitched,

breathy voice, ticking off the Miss America criteria in an obvious reference to her arch-rival, platinum-haired Lisa Marie Allen. "I mean, it's a skating contest. We're not out there as beauty contenders . . . it drove me crazy! There's all this press about how she's going to overtake me and that my dresses are worth \$3,000. Did you see that stuff?" she shrills incredulously, producing the articles with a flourish of youthful indignation.

Reflecting on the way these pressures affected her performance, Fratianne is at first tentative—"I think I was nervous for the short program"—but she soon gives full vent to her emotions: "I had to prove last night to myself and to the people who was the better skater."

"Last night" begins as most skating competitions do. This one is centered in the concrete bowels of Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum, where grim-faced mothers wield hairdryers and hairspray to put an artificially wind-blown look into the locks of their offspring. To these young women entrants in the National Championships, clean hair, rainbow-hued, sequin-sparkly skating costumes and a flawless matte makeup finish are nearly as crucial to their performance as the carved steel blades of their \$300 ice skates.

And unfortunately for Linda Fratianne, the defending Ladies Champion, the effortless smile and limpid-eyed glance needed to create the illusion of intimacy with the audience does not

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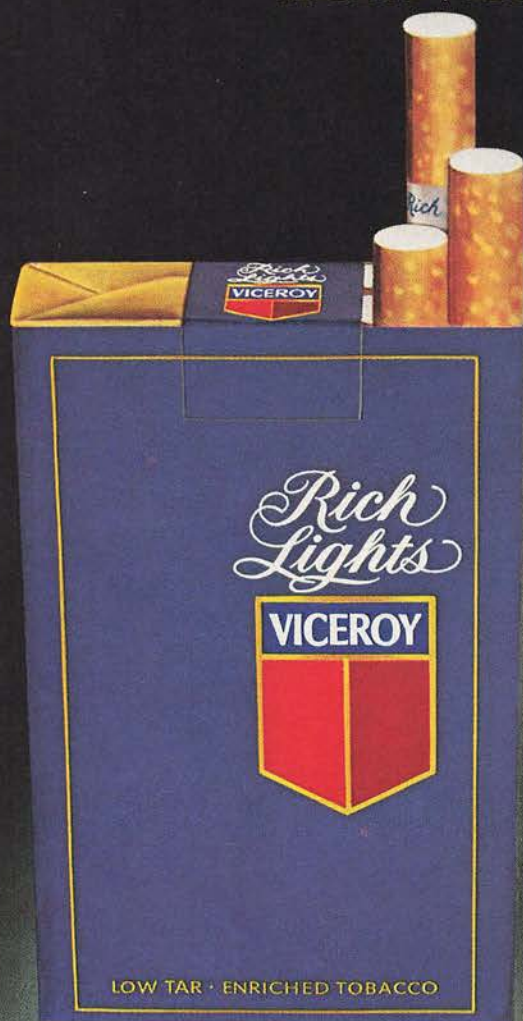


Skating is too much of a one-on-one game to trust anybody, says Fratianne, who places more value on technique than on public relations.



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Fratianne *continued*

come easily. Fratianne can launch a triple toe-loop, hurl her body through space with precision, spin with the blurry beauty of a top and dance across the ice like a disco superstar. But just the right combination of technique, aesthetics and extroversion has eluded her. In a pre-Olympic year, it is a problem her coach Frank Carroll has demanded she resolve . . . dazzlingly.

"It's hard to smile and look happy for four minutes when inside you, a voice is yelling, 'push, push!'" Linda admits.

Finally ready, at the edge of the ice Fratianne smoothed the tail-feathers of her red skating dress. It was 11 p.m.—time for the third and final phase of the Senior Ladies National Competition. Fratianne had only to skate her four-minute freestyle program to the strains of Bizet's "Carmen," a performance she had perfected in hundreds of hours of practice sessions. But it's the medal and credential riding on this program that caused the hands of the two-time National and 1977 World Champion skater to flutter nervously. The win here would mean she'd retain her National title and gain a top berth among the three U.S. senior women going to the World Championships in Vienna, Austria, where she would snatch her title back from Annett Poetzsch, an East German, giving herself the needed self-confidence to clinch the gold in the Olympics.

When the P.A. system blared her name, Fratianne pumped her way to the center of the ice, her tiny arms and legs swinging rhythmically, her short cap of wavy black hair bouncing energetically. Her costume was shaded like a Caribbean sunset, its sequins sparkling gaudily. The dress was outrageous on the 5-foot-1½, 98-pound skater. Linda, dark and diminutive with the round rose cheeks of a Gerber baby, looked like Puck auditioning for the Rockettes. But Fratianne was out there to sizzle the ice and fetch some high-voltage marks from the seven judges in the blue box at rink-side.

She skated an inspired program. Her opening triple toe-loop was exquisite. Skating backward at a high speed, she suddenly twisted around, stepped forward and pushed her body into the air with a thrust from her left toe pick. She completed her revolutions and landed softly, skating into her next jump, another triple. Her coach Frank Carroll clapped his black-gloved hands wildly.

In one of her most artistic performances, Fratianne closed the program with three butterflies, where her own impetus launched her body into horizontal flight. The result was spectacular.



For nine years Coach Frank Carroll has given Linda creative guidance and support.

She and "Carmen" closed together and she skated off the ice into the arms of her coach, leaving behind her the applause of 14,000 fans and consistently superior marks from the judges.

The first hurdle on 1979's comeback trail had been conquered and Linda Fratianne was back on the center platform of the winner's dais, beating second-place Lisa Marie Allen and third-place, 16-year-old rookie Carrie Rugh.

In a cinder-block alcove in the hallway outside the press room, Lisa Marie Allen swishes her platinum blond hair angrily. Lean and elegant, a sometime model with the John Robert Powers Agency and former California equestrian champ, Allen, a sophisticated 19, possesses the thin-lipped coolness and aquiline nose (another triumph of cosmetic surgery) of a blue blood. Where Fratianne's style of skating has been described as "feline," a "coldly technical masterpiece," Allen's is graced by adjectives like "regal" and "balletic." But today Allen's performance lacked stamina. Admitting to her lackluster showing, Allen's comments are nonetheless tinged with a loser's bitterness as she describes her undaunted belief that she has gold-medal style.

"For one, I skate much faster and stronger than Linda. To me, she walks around the ice. I really try and excite the audience with my strength and ability; she is tiny and she just kind of twiddles around the ice. Boy, I'm gonna get stabbed for that one," she says.

Allen gives a sharp laugh and offers her skater's philosophy: "I don't want anyone to skate badly, I just want to skate better than them." Allen clears

her throat with a breezy trill and casually glides off into the press room.

This year Linda Fratianne has a smaller nose, a bigger smile and appears to be doing a commendable job of putting on the pre-Olympic ritz, but she still has a lot of hearts to win, as well as an all-important vote of self-confidence. Her rivalry with Lisa Marie Allen during these Nationals has been exploited by the local press; her solitary immersion in practice sessions criticized by those who expect her to put on a more personable front; her unwillingness to lay aside her obsession with the win and mix with the Cincinnati Junior Leaguers, who have organized the event, draws many disapproving tongue-clickings.

Oblivious to the furor, Fratianne works out at Cinti Gardens in her practice suit. Hunched over the boards, Frank Carroll keeps an eye on every line of her neck, shoulders and back. He expects geometric precision in Linda's form and is not beyond giving her shoulders a leveling shake when she doesn't produce what he wants. Fratianne gulps down his criticism, her big, hazel eyes fastened between his face and the lines his gloved hands describe in the air.

As Linda drifts back to the center of the rink, Carroll takes a moment's breather for a cup of coffee. A strict disciplinarian who keeps a scale in his car in order to weigh Fratianne every other day—because "weight for a girl is death in skating"—Carroll proudly traces his relationship with his star pupil. After a year of trying unsuccessfully to get Carroll on the phone, the Fratiannes finally took Linda to the rink where Carroll taught and sent her out on the ice, an anonymous nine-year-old with an uncanny talent for jumping and spinning. The teacher accepted the professed student immediately.

"She was a very quiet, very calm child who would listen and then do exactly what you told her, and her jumps and school figures were a breeze," Carroll remembers. Blessed with boundless energy, stamina and a smooth temperament to balance her hyperactivity, Fratianne depends heavily on Carroll's artistic judgment and imagination. "I wouldn't trade her for a million dollars," says Carroll. "Quite often the most imaginative skaters are really difficult to deal with."

"We're constantly working on her presentation," Carroll continued. "It's hard, because Linda feels the jumps are important, the way she skates is important, but she doesn't really believe the performance is important. Until she believes in its value to her, she's just not going to do it."

If Carroll could change anything about Fratianne, he'd not tamper with

continued

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Fratianne *continued*

her toe-loops or flying camels; instead, he'd want to give her attitude a shot of self-esteem. "I want to make her believe and feel like she's the greatest skater in the world, which she is. She still doesn't realize it." While her confidence was boosted by the surgery to correct two deviated septums and to make her nose as pert as her haircut, Carroll is pained by accusations that she had the nose job in order to please judges. "For God's sake, she was already champion of the U.S. and the Worlds, so obviously the judges weren't offended by it!"

Ultimately, there's nothing for Fra-



En route to the Olympics Fratianne won the U.S. (above) and World Championships.

tianne to do but skate her best, which is precisely what she's done.

"Linda's a very quiet, very different little girl," says Carroll. "It's funny, I feel like we're always apologizing for that," he muses as Fratianne digs into the ice, sending a shower of chips in every direction. "But," Carroll adds, "there's really no need to." Linda does a triple revolution, lands softly and smoothly and quickly skates into her next move.

Back at her hotel, Virginia Fratianne amplified on Frank Carroll's description of her "very different little girl." Linda was a child who at the age of four wore the wheels of her roller skates right down to the ball bearings and who cavorted as merrily as an Ice Follies star the first time an obliging neighbor took her ice skating. For the last nine years, it's taken nothing smaller than a Zam-

boni to get Linda off the frozen water that has provided release for her hyperactivity and singlemindedness.

"She was very unusual in the way she attacked her skating," said Virginia, thoughtfully twisting a classy gold bracelet around her slender wrist. "I don't think she ever skated just to skate; it was always to learn and to get better. That's been her attitude from the very beginning."

Unlike most 19-year-old women, Fratianne has no trouble putting the men in her life on hold when she's involved with competition. One boy was apprised of this idiosyncrasy when he called for a date in November and was informed that Linda would be free some time after the March competitions.

Linda's first years in the sport were passed in a whirl resembling an Evelyn Wood course in skating. Frank Carroll took her through all eight of the United States Figure Skating Association tests in less than three years, stirring up controversy over her hasty development from novice to senior skater. "There were a lot of judges and people from the L.A. Figure Skating Club who felt Frank was doing absolutely the wrong thing," explained Virginia. "But he saw no reason to hold her back."

Virginia has decided not to worry about Linda's inability to behave like the typical self-promoting star athlete. "Sometimes we used to get kind of mad at her because we thought she should be acting more like a champion. But now I think it's better for her not to be treated like a prima donna."

Virginia confessed her nervousness about Linda's performance at these Nationals, laughed over the way she seemed to absorb the bulk of Linda's pressures and betrayed the hard-as-nails common sense that lay behind the façade of skating's "sweetest, classiest mother." "People come up and say, 'Good luck, but you don't need it,' or 'You've got it made,' but *nobody's* got it made. Every time you go out on the ice, you have to prove yourself, and if you don't, no one's going to say, 'Poor darling, we want you there anyway.'"

Much of Linda Fratianne's ability to "prove herself" on the ice has to do with the solidity of her relationship with her coach. "Usually a skater's had every coach in the book by the time they get to the top level," Linda says from her hotel-room bed the morning after the Nationals. "I really respect Frank; I put my full trust in him. He's a strict coach, but that's what I feel I need." What she seems to admire most is his decisiveness, the very quality she'd like to have herself. "He runs his business exactly the way he wants," she continued reverentially, "and he knows exactly

what he wants out of me. If he doesn't get it, he'll work me till he does." Her willingness to work has her at the rink from six to eight hours a day, up at 5:30 a.m., in bed at 7:30 in the evening. To keep her weight down to 98 pounds, she subsists on torpedo-sized vitamins and salads. And if she misses a move and lands hard on the ice, nobody's close at hand with a sympathetic Kleenex.

"Instead," she smiles, "I have to get up and sell the rest of the program. After a fall, a lot of the kids will pace around while the music's still playing. When I fall, if I'm not up like this—" she leaps from the bed, arms akimbo, smile blazing, "and if I don't hit the next jump perfectly, I *hear* about it."

Fratianne goes out only one night a week, and she comes into contact with other skaters and friends of her sister . . . limited acquaintances, especially when friendships with fellow skaters are often fueled more by jealousy than actual comradeship. "It's a very solitary sport. I think I have some friends in skating," Linda says soberly, "but it's really too much of a one-on-one game to trust anybody."

A self-confessed hermit who feels most comfortable by herself, Fratianne's decision to confront the mirror with a smaller nose was completely her own idea. "When I was little, my dad used to say, 'Shut your mouth. You're gonna catch a fly,' because I breathed through my mouth. Anyway, now I have a little more self-confidence. I didn't change it for anybody but myself. You know Lisa had hers done?" she asks anxiously. "I'm not the *only* senior lady who's had a nose job!"

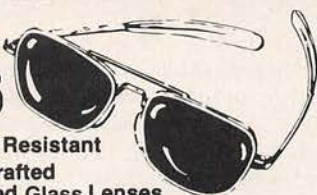
Relieved that the competition is through, Linda cranks herself up for the evening's big bash, the skaters' party at the Hilton ballroom. At least she can dance the night away to something besides "Carmen" and wear sexy black high-heeled sandals instead of the custom-made, magic skates her grandfather buys for her.

But for the time being, she is content to pop out from under her covers to show off her two pairs of skates, her bouquets and the week's accumulation of newspaper clips, thrusting them forth with a childish eagerness to please. In last night's winner-circle photo, she was smiling with a vacant, sophisticated hauteur. She holds the newspaper at arm's length, gazing at her image with clinical curiosity, as if even she were not quite aware of the origins of the actress who skates to "Carmen." As if she were still not sure exactly where she, Linda Fratianne, fits into the act. Fratianne may not believe it, but very likely she'll fit nicely on the platform for gold medalists at the 1980 Winter Olympics. □

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Next Month in SPORT

January is football's Super month, a month of winners, and we'll contrast two super, winning linebackers, Steeler **Jack Ham** and Cowboy **Tom (Hollywood) Henderson**. A gentler but no less aggressive pair is brother-and-sister speedskating duo **Eric and Beth Heiden**, sharpening up for the Lake Placid Olympics in February. We'll profile the Seattle SuperSonics' board-banging, deft-shooting center **Jack Sikma**, and interview NBA great **Rick Barry**. As ACC college basketball mania heats up, we'll visit North Carolina's legendary Coach **Dean Smith**. Plus **24** grueling **Hours of Daytona** On Camera, Purdue quarterback **Mark Herrmann** and an off-season look at a baseball superstar. And more.



The Heidens



Henderson



Sikma

SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 88

Ans. 1—d. 2—a (48). 3—Lemar Parrish, Washington Redskins. 4—b (4-0). 5—a (123-25-1, .829). 6—b, for Navy in 1963. 7—b (victories: 27 in 1972 and 23 in 1977—defeats: 19 in 1970 and 20 in 1973). 8—Bobby Bonds, Jeff Burroughs, Lee May, Ken Singleton, Rusty Staub and Richie Zisk. 9—c, on 6/23/71 vs. Cincinnati. 10—b (8). 11—b. 12—a (Kevin Porter, assists, 13.4 avg. and M.L. Carr, steals, 2.46 avg.) 13—a-3, b-4, c-2, d-1. 14—b (Nancy Lopez' five successive wins in 1978 came during six scheduled tour events. She missed the Peter Jackson Classic from June 1-4.) 15—a. 16—b. 17—b. 18—b (won W.B.A. light-welterweight title at 17 years, 180 days old on 3/6/76). 19—a. 20—Vern Mikkelsen holds the disqualification record with 127 between 1950-59. The first true "sixth man" was the Celtics' Frank Ramsey.

Picture Credits

Cover corner—Bob Kingsbury. 4—Dorothy Affa (bottom). 9, 10, 11 (top)—Larry Johnson. 12—Wide World (top), Russell/Kelly (bottom). 14—Peter Travers. 17, 18, 20—Bob Kingsbury. 22, 23, 25—Fred Kaplan. 30—Peter Mecca. 31—Mitchell Reibel. 32—Wide World. 34—Dan Helms. 37—George Gokovich. 40—Roy Hobson (top), Rich Pilling (bottom). 43—Malcolm Emmons. 44—Noren Trotman. 45—Ron Berard. 46—Malcolm Emmons. 50—Rich Pilling (top left), Malcolm Emmons (bottom left), John Hanlon (right). 54—Malcolm Emmons. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60—Rich Pilling. 63, 64, 65—John Huehnergarth. 66, 67—Roy Hobson. 69—Paul Sutton/Duomo. 71—Roy Hobson. 72—George Gokovich (left), Wide World (center), UPI (right). 75, 77, 80, 82—Mike Ramus. 85—Phil Singerman. 86—Dan Baiotti. 87—Larry Johnson. 88—Eileen Miller (top left), UPI (top center and bottom), Wide World (top right). 91—John and Vernon Biever. 96—John McIvor/Cedar Rapids Gazette.

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A Hard Look at Agents: Part II

The hunt for clients: recruiting or looting?

by STU BLACK

This month's concluding installment explores the lengths to which some agents will go to recruit athletes, and offers guidelines from an expert on how to tell the good agents from the bad.

Larry McNeill could have been a superstar. Next in line to be the key veteran on Marquette University's basketball team, he was in as pretty a position as a college athlete could be. Now, a few years later, he is one of those fringe pro players who sign ten-day contracts with National Basketball Association teams in hopes of hanging on for as long

as they can. Last season, Larry McNeill played briefly with two NBA teams. The season before that, by the time he had reached the final rounds of the nationally televised pro basketball slam-dunk tournament, he had been cut from the NBA and appeared in the contest representing a corporate sponsor.

Larry McNeill's problem was that he couldn't wait. Instead of staying at Marquette for his senior year, he signed with the pros. Whatever money he got in the short run has cost him in the long. He grabbed too much, too soon. A passel of

agents, recruiting hard, convinced him he should.

"Larry's situation was that he was hounded, and they blew smoke rings at him," says Al McGuire, his college coach. "He's a beautiful young man, but he wasn't ready for the pros. I told Larry that if he stayed another year, I'd make him 'a cover baby.' I told him he'd be drafted among the first five players the following year. He misunderstood me. He thought I was asking him to stay for me."

McNeill might have known better. McGuire did not jive his players. When

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Agents *continued*

Jim Chones, and later Maurice Lucas, wanted to join the pros before finishing their careers at Marquette, McGuire gave them his blessing. He thought they were ready for pro ball. He thought McNeill was not.

"Two or three times I told him he was wrong," McGuire says. "But he went for the fool's gold and became a kamikaze pilot. Larry's situation was one of the reasons I got out of basketball. That

Many of the athletes who heard about Trope, like Jerry Robinson of UCLA, signed with him while they still had college eligibility, and were offered money by him in violation of NCAA rules. "The only thing that they will be able to hang on me," says Trope, "is this. All these other agents try to buy a client with a steak and 25 bucks. If I talk to a player, and he needs a thousand dollars, I've got the money to give him. I can compete on a higher level."

Jerry Robinson was an All-America



was the first time I didn't make sense to one of my players. I told him he was making a \$400,000 mistake and he still wouldn't listen. But you have to understand it was the time of the NBA-ABA war and agents used fear of the merger to get him to sign with them immediately: 'Sign with us now or it won't be there next year.' Now, Larry is in no-man's land."

McNeill's case illustrates that agents get toughest when they are acquiring clients. The competition for recruits is slick and often cutthroat, and guidelines are a matter of conscience, not law. Agents scurry hard, looking for an edge. Take, for example, Mike Trope. "My attitude," says this most prominent of football agents, "is that I will do whatever I want to do short of being illegal."

Trope's reputation as a wheeler-dealer goes back to his undergraduate days at USC. There, in the early '70s, he was involved in fixing student government elections, earning enough enemies to once offer Jimmy Gunn, a USC linebacker, \$75 to act as his bodyguard for a night. Not long after that, at 20, Trope became an agent. His first client was Johnny Rodgers, the 1972 Heisman Trophy winner from Nebraska. Then he signed Anthony Davis of USC. Trope's *modus operandi* was to hustle and sign name athletes early, then get them large-salary, big-bonus contracts with the money mostly deferred. The contracts made excellent newspaper copy, and the publicity allowed Trope to expand his agent business.

linebacker at UCLA for three seasons. As he entered his senior year, there was little doubt he would be a first-round pick in the 1979 NFL draft. In October, 1978, according to Robinson, he was a guest at Trope's home and was induced to sign a contract that made Trope his agent. Trope told Robinson that the linebacker "could get out of it" any time he wanted to. Signing early, the agent said wouldn't violate NCAA rules. Still, Trope told Robinson not to say anything to anybody about the signing or about the money he had offered (which Robinson had refused to take).

In January of this year, Robinson decided he had made a mistake. He asked to be released from his commitment. Trope refused. Through UCLA alumni active in the school's athletic program, Robinson contacted attorney-agent Marvin Demoff, who became his new representative. Robinson was not alone in breaking off with Trope. In response, Trope filed lawsuits against 14 people—including Robinson, Keith Dorney of Penn State, Rick Berns of Nebraska and Ottis Anderson of Miami—charging them with breach of contract.

Robinson and Demoff filed a \$30 million countersuit. Robinson's suit charged Trope with harassment and intimidation. It also charged him with misleading Robinson by claiming that he could sign without jeopardizing his amateur status. Additionally, the suit charged that the solicitation and signing of Robinson interfered with his existing

agreements with the NCAA and UCLA. In August, 1979, Trope dropped his suit as part of an out-of-court settlement, and Robinson dropped his countersuit.

It is quite common for agents to sign players while they are still in college. It is quite common for players to accept money from agents while still in college. And it is not unusual, either, for two agents to lay claim to having paid and signed the same player.

Once, for example, Trope and a competing agent, Harold Daniels, both had contracts with James Lofton of the Green Bay Packers and Art Still of the Kansas City Chiefs. The agents solved the problem by splitting up the catch, Trope taking Lofton, Daniels taking Still. Since Daniels had paid roughly \$1,000 to Lofton, and Trope had paid about the same amount to Still, the money was a wash.

When an agent moves in on a college athlete, various techniques are used, among them:

The I'll-Make-You-A-Star, Kid Hustle

One agent told Atlanta Falcon defensive tackle Wilson Fautuina when he was coming out of San Jose State that if Fautuina signed with him he could turn Fautuina into the first Samoan movie idol. Another promised Fautuina \$100,000 in commercial fees.

Perhaps the most common "fallacy that agents continually feed kids," says former NBA and ABA general manager Don DeJardin, "is that they can affect a player's draft position. That is a lie. They can't do a thing." Stanford quarterback Steve Dils, like others, had agents tell him that he would be drafted on the first round, an event Dils considered unlikely. Still, says Dils, who eventually went to Minnesota on the fourth round, it was heady stuff. That kind of con becomes especially pernicious when an agent promises a player a first-round draw and first-round money and then, when the player goes in a lower round—with a commensurate drop in compensation—tells him that the team is cheap and won't come across with any money because it has paid too much to another player. After hearing that, the player is off to an awful relationship with his new team.

The Don't-Take-Candy-From-Strangers Hustle

Agents are notorious for knocking each other in an attempt to raise their chances of recruiting a kid. When Steve Pisarkiewicz, an All-Big Eight quarterback from Missouri, announced that he was considering signing with Irwin Weiner, other agents tried to dissuade him by telling bad stories about Weiner. Gradually, Pisarkiewicz said, he began to realize that all he was hearing about Weiner didn't jibe. Pisarkiewicz did not

continued

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Now You Can Receive Biotin Directly Through The Mail!

Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who were losing their hair have flocked to the expensive newly created treatment centers where 'specially trained' personnel apply a Biotin gel to these people's scalps to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

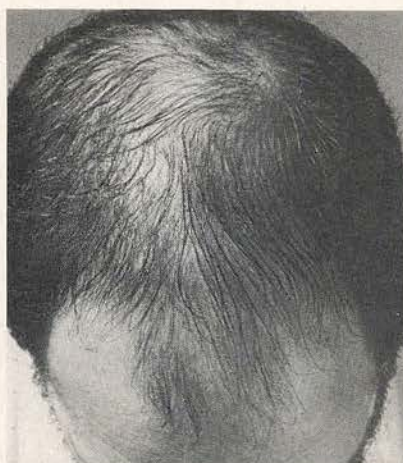
Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel.

Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

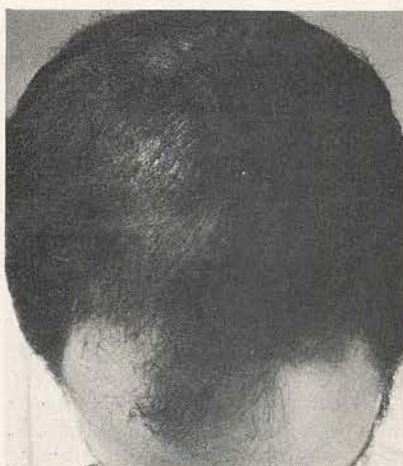
Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

The hair stops growing because the hormone androgen (testosterone) shortens your hair's growing phase. Quite plainly, your hair rests too soon! This is not an unnatural process: almost every man alive has noticed that his hair starts to thin as he becomes more mature . . . and it's the accumulation of the testosterone hormone that does it!

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Restoration Gel is the remedy.

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The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

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Face it. Unless you do something about it, your body will eventually become out of shape. Participating in sports will help, but as you get older, it is difficult to remain as active as you would like to. However, unlike most other sports, bodybuilding is a sport that you can continue at almost any age. In fact, there are bodybuilders who are in their 30's and 40's who are more muscular than most Olympic Champions! With progressive bodybuilding, you get results you can see and feel!

Also, don't forget the psychological benefits of exercise. As you get into the habit of exercising, you'll have an increased awareness of self, and being more in touch with your body!

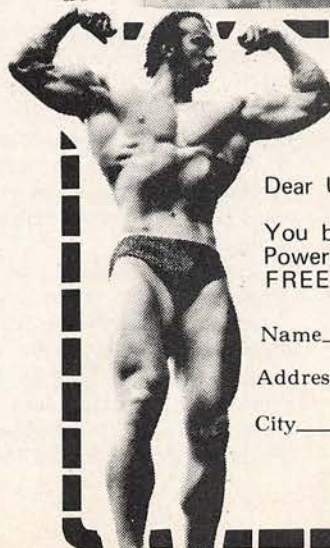
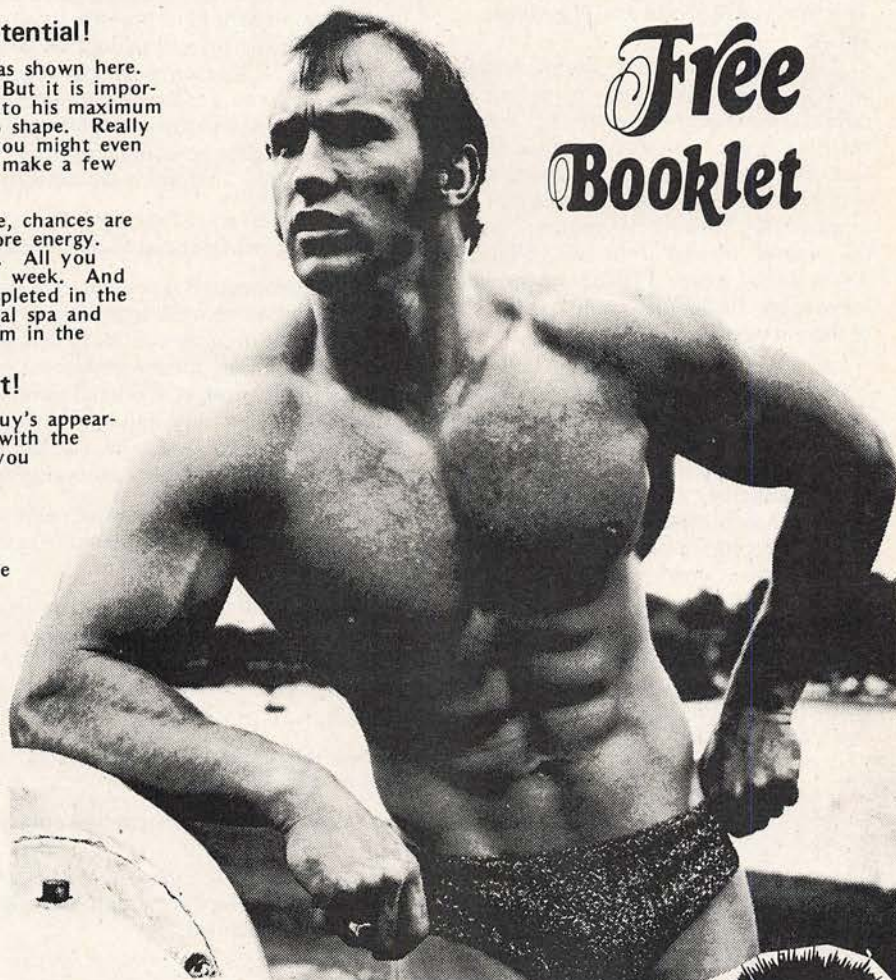
Only for the healthy!

Before embarking on this bodybuilding program, or any other new physical endeavor, be sure to check with your physician for his okay. A bodybuilding course such as this specializes in developing the body to its maximum potential and should only be attempted by those in good health.

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Agents *continued*

have any other first-hand knowledge of the varying misdeeds other agents were ascribing to Weiner, but he did have first-hand knowledge of Weiner's looks and knew that, among other physical characteristics, Weiner had a full head of bright red hair. Yet agents who claimed to have close contact with Weiner described him in the course of their solicitations as bald, as dark-haired, as short—as anything except what Weiner looked like. Pisarkiewicz signed with Weiner.

The Me-And-Kareem-Go-Way-Back Hustle

A San Francisco Bay agent, Abdul-Jalil al-Hakim, is noted for trying to impress prospective recruits by telling them he represents athletes that he in fact does not. "One time I sat with Jalil and he told everyone at the table that he represented Spencer Haywood," says the general counsel of the NBA Players Association, Larry Fleisher, who also represents individual ballplayers. "I represent Spencer Haywood."

Conversation with Chuck Muncie, New Orleans running back:

Q: Did he tell you he was Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's agent?

A: Yeah, he (Abdul-Jalil) told me that.

Q: It's not true. Did you know that?

A: Is that right? He definitely said that to me. That impressed me.

Conversation with Abdul-Jalil al-Hakim:

Q: Do you tell prospective clients you represent someone you don't?

A: No . . . I don't use my clients for commendations or recruiting . . . I don't even recruit.

A Guide to Representation

Tom Collins, a highly respected business manager for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, among other clients, suggests that athletes ask the following key questions before signing anything:

1. Ask the representative whether he is: A. a business manager; B. an attorney; C. an agent; D. an accountant.

2. What service does the person or firm provide?

Some people will provide just negotiating services; others will also provide: A. income tax preparation; B. bookkeeping (paying bills); C. sophisticated investments; D. tax planning.

3. How does he charge for his services? A. percentage of gross income; B. hourly rate for all services; C. handshake basis. A *percentage* may be in order if the person/firm is to provide total personal financial management.

If he is only serving you in contract negotiations, then you should be charged an *hourly rate*. This can range anywhere from \$40 to \$100 per hour. You should always be given a stated minimum and maximum limit.

The *handshake* usually is an enticement to make you feel obligated to use other services at higher percentages. Always have stated in writing what services are being provided, and more importantly, what you must pay for those services.

4. Ask the person to list other clients he has provided with negotiation services and/or personal financial management.

5. If the prospective representative says he can get you a specified amount, ask how much will be cash and how much will be benefits or incentives.

The majority of large contracts that you read about and which are supposedly worth one million dollars are almost never worth that many dollars in cash, but are a combination of financial vehicles, such as deferred income, insurance policies, bonus money and other incentives. Clubs often use these incentives to make a contract appear to be worth more than its actual annual value. Be careful and understand fully the cash value of your contract.

6. How many clients does the person represent?

If the person currently represents too many clients, how much personal attention will you get?

7. What are his qualifications to serve you?

Always remember that the persons you choose to represent you will determine your financial future and security. The total money you will receive is only a portion of your contract. More important is how you will receive that money (tax planning).

8. Ask the representative to furnish you with a copy of the contract he expects you to sign with him.

9. Ask if you can terminate the contract with the representative *whenever you want*.

This is probably the most important point because it will insure that the representative does the kind of job you want done, not just what the representative feels is good enough.

The Lobster's-Good-Tonight Hustle

Conversation with Dale Wilson, University of Nevada-Reno basketball player:

Q: Where did Abdul-Jalil pick you up?

A: He came right to our hotel. We played Santa Clara in San Francisco and after the game he picked us up in his Rolls Royce.

Q: How many guys did he take out?

A: Seven of us, maybe eight. He had two other guys with him and they looked sophisticated. They were working for him. They told us to order anything we wanted. I wondered how they were going to pay for it. But Abdul-Jalil just took out a card and paid for it.

The Buy-The-Coach-And-Get-A-Player Hustle

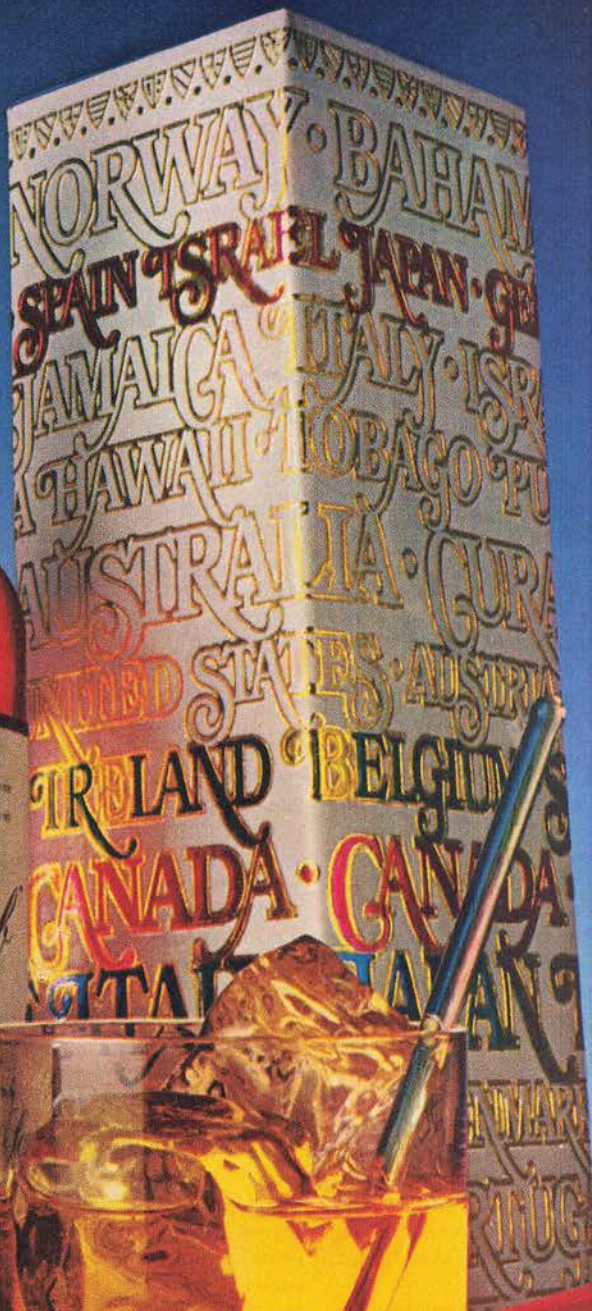
A number of agents have attempted to pay coaches to help them secure players as clients. Norman Blass is a New York attorney-agent who has been charged with offering kickbacks to coaches for players. Dean Smith, of North Carolina, leveled that charge against Blass a few years ago, and while Blass denied it, Blass's partner, Chuck Kaufman did not. Blass was the agent for Marvin Webster when Webster's college coach received money from the first pro team Webster signed with, the Nuggets.

An agent once cornered Al McGuire in an elevator and said he would give

continued



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Agents *continued*

McGuire two percent of the action if McGuire would push Marquette All-America Dean Meminger his way. "I've got a rich mother," McGuire said, brushing the agent away.

Larry Rauch, a New York agent who specializes in hockey players, tells of the agent who threw \$5,000 in cash on a hotel-room bed and said to the general manager of a Junior hockey team: "This is yours and there's \$5,000 more for you if you deliver three players on your team to me."

A few years ago the NCAA suspended the basketball coach at Kentucky State, Lucius Mitchell, for three years because of violations of NCAA rules having to do with agents, money and pro basketball. And in early 1978, agent Alphonse Dotson, who once was a high draft choice of both Green Bay of the NFL and Kansas City of the AFL, testified as follows at hearings conducted by a New York State Senate committee:

Q: Are there some schools who will set up kids for agents?

A: There is an unofficial referral system. You have to understand that, per se, assistant coaches don't make as much money as head coaches and when they can get their hands on tax-free money they will refer kids.

Q: What about your career?

A: I had an assistant coach at Grambling who in closing out a deal for me to play for either Green Bay or Kansas City said if there was a close offer I would go with Kansas City because Mr. (Don) Klosterman (then the Kansas City general manager and now the Los Angeles Rams general manager) had given him some money. The coach who made the deal for me with Kansas City is no longer in coaching.

The You-Can-Pay-The-Loan-Back-Later Hustle

A former agent, Harold Guiver, talks of having had to lend money to college players in order to remain in contention in the competition among agents to sign the players.

Herb Rudoy of Chicago gave basketball player Ticky Burden checks during Burden's career at Utah. On the back of the checks was legal terminology that Burden didn't understand. Simply stated, it said that if Burden was to cash the check, he was acknowledging that Rudoy represented him.

Michael Cooper was a third-round draft choice of the Los Angeles Lakers in 1978, represented by Harold Daniels of Professional World Stars Inc. Three months earlier, on March 5, 1978, Cooper had borrowed \$3,000 from Daniels, to be paid back in full by May 5.

In signing an agreement to pay back the loan, Cooper put his signature to the following:

"It is also understood that there will be no interest charges on the loan unless I decide Professional World Stars, Inc. will not negotiate my contract as a professional athlete. Upon that decision I agree to pay back the loan with Eight Percent (8%) interest."

Eight percent interest for a two-month loan computes to an annual interest of 48 percent.

The College-All-Star-Games Hustle

Recruiting gets most frantic at college all-star games, a last chance for many agents to sign, protect or steal clients. In football, the East-West Shrine game, the Hula Bowl and the Senior Bowl are the best attended. In basketball, they are the Pizza Hut Classic and the Aloha Classic. Many successful agents, or their assistants, come to these games with famous clients, veteran players ready to testify to the agents' skills.

Chuck Dekaedo, an agent in the early '70s, remembers all-star games as being slightly more sinister: "I went to two Shrine all-star games in Palo Alto and there were actually more agents registered in the Hyatt House [game headquarters] than ballplayers.

"The agents were straight out," Dekaedo says. "They would ask a kid, 'Hey, you want a girl? I've got a girl stashed here.' And they would grease palms with money."

Most players learn to cope with the situation, even laugh at it. Some take their phones off the hooks. Others have their roommates answer the phone and say they aren't there. Some answer the phone with a foreign accent.

"The worst all-star game was the Pizza Hut Classic in Las Vegas," says Jeff Jonas, a Utah guard, who was drafted in the fourth round by Philadelphia in 1977. "They would nail you in the lobby and some of them would have flip charts, the kind you make an advertising presentation with. They'd take you up to their rooms and make a big presentation. That didn't always happen to me," said Jones, who was not a top pro prospect.

"It's like Al McGuire used to say," says Marquette's veteran assistant coach, Rick Majerus. "Al would talk to our players about agents a lot. He always tried to get them to put agents and recruiting into perspective.

"I remember him talking to Butch Lee once, when Butch was a freshman and all these agents were already after him, telling him they wanted nothing but to be his friend. Al said, 'Butch, how come no one asks the other black freshmen down the hall out to dinner? How come only you?'"



It is the "you" in this question, the athlete, who needs to be protected. And also to understand that while agents have to hustle, they don't have to be hustlers. Irwin Weiner looks like a relative of Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls*. He pulls on a big cigar, then taps the ashes away with a finger, that like most of the others, advertises a large ring. He props his feet up on the desk in his spacious office, and they are well-heeled feet indeed. He wears a blue suit of expensive cut and speaks with the assurance of a man who has gotten where he is by knowing how to speak.

"I was dealing for Archie Clark when he was with Baltimore," Irwin Weiner said recently in strong New Yorkese. "I knew Abe Polin, the Bullets' owner, loved sturgeon. So I loaded up with sturgeon, lox, onions, tomatoes, pickled herring, bagels and bialys. These were foods I know Abe couldn't get in Baltimore. I got on the Eastern Airlines shuttle and I had more than a few empty seats next to me. I stank up the plane.

"As soon as I got to Baltimore, Polin wrapped up half the sturgeon and said, 'That's going home. The rest we eat.' He cut it up in the car on the way in from the airport, we ate and when we finished, we negotiated. When we finished Clark's contract, Polin said I had gotten to his heart with sturgeon."

Stories about Irwin Weiner are legion. He is a character and his tactics can be bizarre. But because substance, not form, is what counts, the clients Irwin Weiner represents—Walt Frazier, Julius Erving and Leon Douglas, among others—are well off. Irwin Weiner is ethical, creative and industrious. He gives his clients intelligent and personal care—which is what every athlete deserves and can receive if he is careful. □



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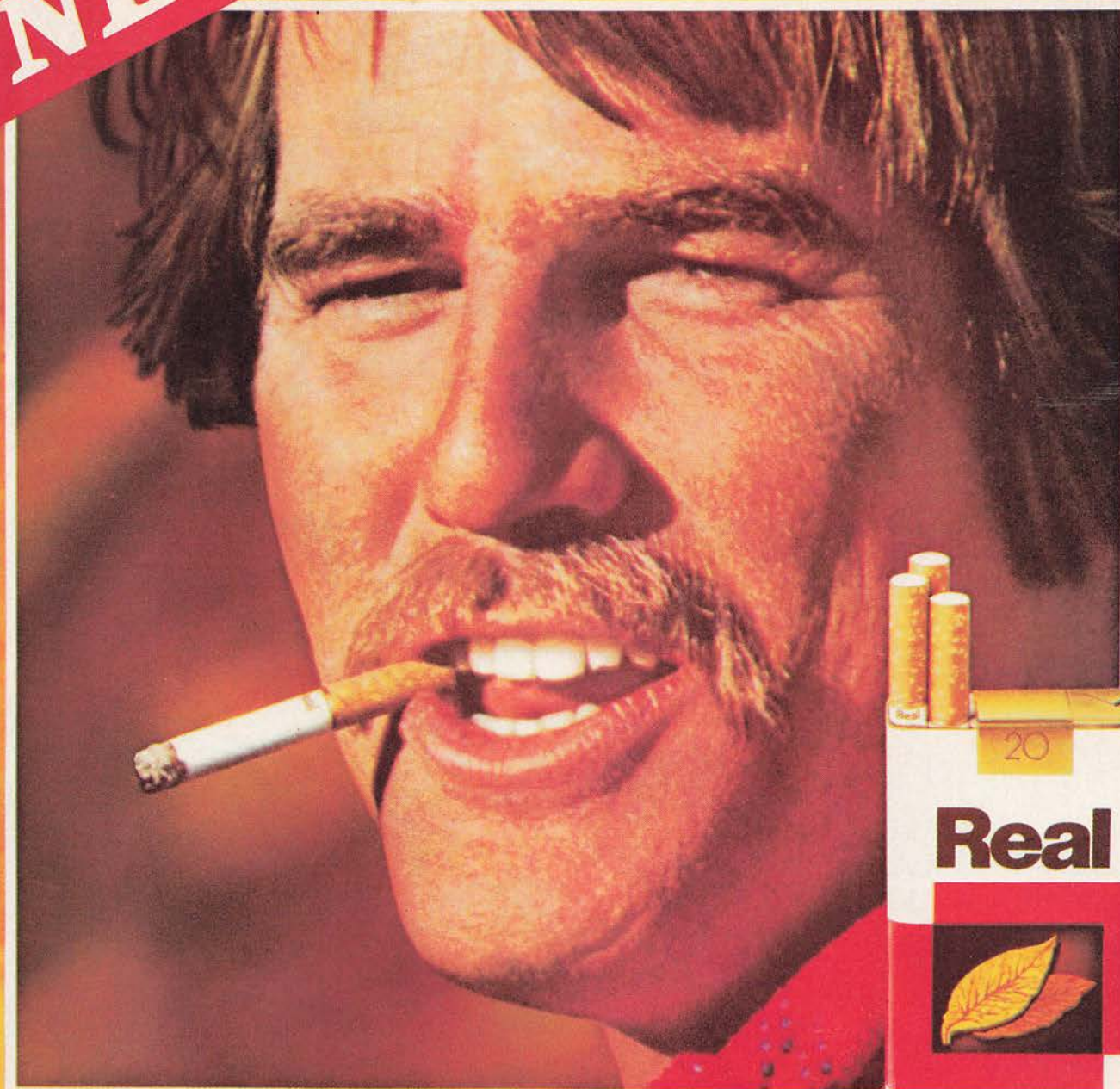
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OVERTIME!

THE DOERS

Body Works

by Philip Singerman

It's Saturday afternoon at Neil's Gym in St. James, Long Island, and only the hardcore weight freaks are around—the dozen or so wild-eyed iron-pumpers who push and pull barbells, cables and the padded levers of Nautilus machines in their perpetual battle to subdue, enlarge and reshape rebellious flesh. The air is filled with rock music, groans, curses, shouts of triumph and the steady symphony of weights clanking together.

Suddenly the gym door opens and 24-year-old Neil Dietrichson, a 5-foot-10, 205-pound body builder and co-owner of the gym, appears wearing running shoes, a pair of painter's overalls and no shirt. His thighs strain at the seams of his pants, his shoulders threaten to burst the overall's straps. Sporting a mass of brown, curly hair and a Fu Manchu mustache, he looks like a cross between an alligator wrestler and a Mexican bandit.

Dietrichson waveringly crosses to the center of the high-ceilinged, cinder-block room and surveys the scene through puffy, darkly circled eyes. During the seven weeks preceding a body-building contest, when he is razoring as much fat as possible from his body through intense exercise and reducing his caloric intake, Dietrichson's social life is nonexistent. But now, when he is stoking his furnace with enough fuel to blow the lid off the average metabolism, Friday nights are spent at a local disco with some of the gym boys.

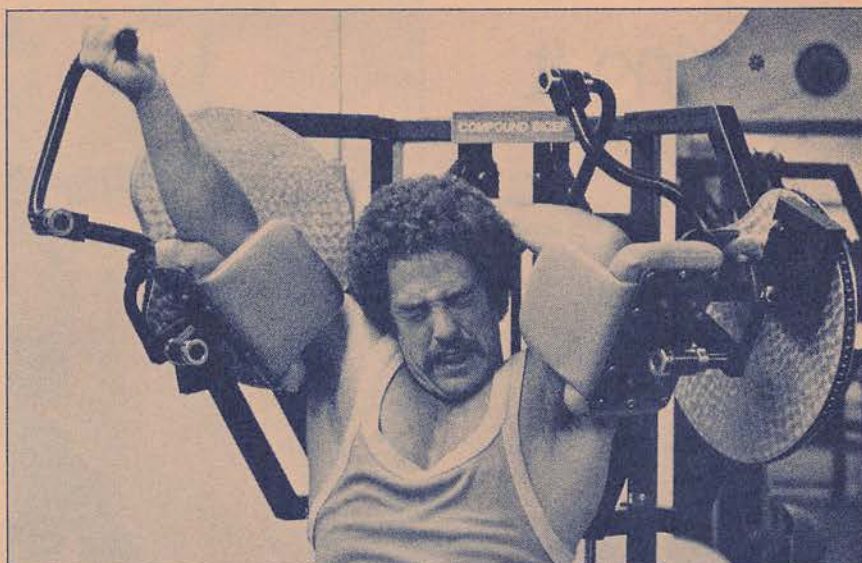
"Hey, Neil," yells a gargantuan blond man called Frank the Tank. "What time you get home this morning?"

"I didn't," replies Dietrichson. "I slept in my truck."

"You gonna work out or pass out?" shouts Neil's partner, a dark-haired behemoth named George Glavey.

"Listen," says Dietrichson, "if I can crawl through that door, I can work out. Who's ready to keep up with me?"

Ten minutes later, Dietrichson bends parallel to the floor, his forearms resting on a naugahyde-covered bench and the balls of his feet balancing on a padded 2-X-4. George Glavey and Frank the Tank sit astride his back—500 pounds of humanity screaming exhortations as Neil lifts and lowers them like a merry-go-round horse in slow motion. "Don't quit! Don't quit!" Frank hollers.



Veins bulge and his neck and body swell as Dietrichson cries, "I'm pumped! I'm pumped!"

Dietrichson is doing "donkey toe raises," an exercise for the gastrocnemius muscles that, in the calves of world-class body builder, bulge like subcutaneous cannon balls, but show in his legs as swelling curves.

It is an arm-and-shoulder day for Neil, a day of countless curls, pushdowns and presses. But as always, his calves come first—they are the weak link in a body that tapers from a 50-inch chest to a 29-inch waist.

Finally the toe raises are finished and Dietrichson moves to a rack and grabs a 45-pound dumbbell in each hand.

"Looking a bit green, partner," Glavey tells him.

"It's those Alabama Knockouts they kept serving me," says Neil. "I think they make 'em with vodka and essence of frog. Soon as I sweat 'em out, you better step back." With that, he grits his teeth and begins curling his arms with one dumbbell and then the other.

As a kid, Neil Dietrichson had little interest in organized sports and even less in school. Instead, he devoted himself obsessively to the drums. By the time he entered junior college as a music major, he was playing three or four gigs a week. Then one day when he was 19, a drummer whose work he admired suggested he lift weights to improve his speed and coordination.

"I walked into this health club the day after Christmas," Dietrichson remembers, "and signed up. I weighed 145 pounds. My arms and legs looked like four chicken necks. After the first workout, I was hooked. Before long, I quit playing the drums and did nothing but lift. Now I find if I miss a workout, I get depressed."

A year and a half after Dietrichson began lifting, he was hired as an instructor by the health club. "I got sick of the place, though," he says. "The people there were a bunch of pompous, chrome-plated turkeys. I wanted to work out in a gym I was comfortable in. I figured the only way for me to go was to open my own place."

So Neil took every cent he had and spent it all on weights and related paraphernalia. Today, two years after opening, Neil's Gym has over 250 active members and plans to expand with Nautilus programs for women and local scholastic athletic teams.

An hour into the Saturday workout, Dietrichson is doggedly pressing vast quantities of iron when it happens: a crimson flush spreads over his chest and back, rivers of sweat begin to run from his face, veins bulge in his arms and neck and his body seems to swell. As he moves, his body is transformed from sheer massiveness into enormous, defined chunks that ripple and pulse. "Yes, yes!" he cries. "I can feel it, I'm pumped! I'm pumped!"

"All right," he says. "Now we can work out." For the next hour and a half he bounds from exercise to exercise, tugging and straining, pushing his friends with more and more repetitions, howling encouragement. When it is over, he races for the tape measure and retreats to an alcove for his secret bicep measurement ("They look bigger than they actually are," Neil admits, "so no one ever knows the truth but me") and a moment later bounds back into the room. "Larger than ever before," he announces. "What do they put in those Alabama Knockouts?"

Wit's End

Dogging It

by Roger Director

Somewhere at this very moment, winter-sports enthusiasts are lounging in stretch pants and itchy sweaters and sipping hot Ovaltine. These folks *could* be making themselves useful by banding together, charging up the slopes, filling in every mogul in sight and once and for all putting an end to hotdog skiing. It's too silly.

Hotdog skiing is a newfangled sport that accentuates grace and interpretive movement while the performer is perched on a pair of six-foot-long skewers. Hotdog skiing's practitioners sometimes call what they do freestyle skiing or ballet skiing. But in reality, hotdog skiers are the same people who do clown dives off the springboard at the swimming pool every summer. That is neither sport nor art—it is burlesque. Hotdog skiing is like strapping a pair of garbage-can lids to Renaldo Nehemiah and watching him run the high hurdles. Bo-o-o-gus. And silly. Hotdog skiing is to skiing as hotdog mopping the floor is to mopping the floor.

One reason I know that hotdog skiing is a silly sport without portfolio is that it doesn't have a bona fide inventor like other sports do. But we can guess the nature of hotdogging's originator—probably some dropout with a tapered torso and untapered morals.

Here's how I picture the birth of hotdog skiing: Gert, Bert and Kurt were all wearing stretch pants and itchy sweaters while skiing one day. Suddenly Kurt fell, tumbling down the mountain.

Gert: "Hey, look! Kurt's sliding and falling down the mountain over there."

Bert: "You know, that's kind of aesthetically pleasing."

Gert: "I hope Kurt's all right. Bert! Bert, wait, what are you doing?"

Bert: (his voice echoing off the mountain as he hurtles down the South Kol) "I'm hotdog skiing."

Thus was born the first in a dangerous, mutant line of silly, "Hey-look-at-me" sports. And if we all sit around crackling fires guzzling hot, almost-chocolate-flavored drinks in our flimsy A-frames without doing anything to impede sport's mutation, we will soon see such activities as hotdog diving (do we want a panel of international judges scoring all manner of belly flops and cannonballs?), hotdog boating and—further on down the road but lurking



If hotdog skiing isn't stopped immediately, our country soon will fall backward and downhill.

somewhere just beyond the Last Toll Booth to Bedlam—hotdog surgery.

See, "Hey-look-at-me" shouldn't get any more points. Hotdogism has made too much headway already this past decade (which was a very doggie-style decade), and unsilly people have barely been able to preserve the "football mentality" in this country. The football mentality is a sober, conservative, team-oriented way of thinking. But if we don't watch out, the hotdog skiing mentality will take over and usurp the football mentality (look for this to be a major issue in the Presidential race).

Corporation heads, government authorities and scientists will begin taking the hotdog trail as they lead us through the difficult, new decade. They will join in a hell-bent-for-leather, daredevil policy that imperils our national security. Businessmen will no longer talk about blitzing or end-arounding their competitors; they'll talk about the Moebius flip, the backward Royal Wedeln and the double helicopter. (No, those aren't Marie Osmond's favorite mixed drinks, they're three maneuvers in the world's most insidious sport). And I don't have to tell you what direction this country will be headed for if silliness and if hotdogism flourish. Right. Downhill.

What can the average Mr. and Mrs. Hold-the-Relish do to get a lift ticket for

the fight against hotdog skiing? The sacrifice will be great. First, boycott all the products endorsed by hotdog skiing's biggest public advocate, Suzi Chafee. If that means walking around with chapped lips this winter, that's the price decent Americans will have to pay. Smile proudly, if painfully, knowing that you're hitting hotdogism where it hurts. Also, be on the lookout for any signs of hotdogism in your friends and loved ones. Do they have to make a joke out of everything? Can they walk across the room like normal people or do they have to do three somersaults just to get up and get a beer? Are they sporting the telltale signs of creeping diggety dogism, like gaudy clothes or broken collarbones? Unsilly people have got to be on the lookout.

Do you want colleges to begin awarding hotdog skiing scholarships? Do you want an NCAA hotdog skiing championship? Do you want hotdog skiing in the Olympics? Do you want a professional major league of hotdog skiing teams? A hotdog skier one day running for and winning a seat in the U.S. Senate? Hotdog skiers voting on the SALT treaty?

I know I don't. I'm calling for a stand against silliness. As the dean wrote in my high school yearbook, all that's necessary for evil sports to triumph in the world is that good fans drink Ovaltine.

OVERTIME!

The Advisor by Frank Donegan

Q: I figure I'm not a good enough golfer to ever qualify for the pro tour, but eventually I might be good enough to become a club pro. What kind of salaries do those guys make?

A: A few years ago, the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics surveyed professional golfers and found that club pros averaged about \$18,000 a year. What with inflation and all, that figure now could be up to about \$22,000 to \$25,000. It's hard to predict, though, what any specific pro will earn since so much depends upon the size of the club the pro works at and the volume of sales in the pro shop. Commissions from pro-shop sales generally make up the largest portion of a pro's income. That's why the Labor Department suggests that any aspiring club pro take some solid business courses while he's in school. The club pro is a golfer, but he's also an independent entrepreneur as well as a public relations man for his club, and if he doesn't have business savvy, he'll find his career stagnating. One consolation for the club pro is that his average income is almost double that of the average touring pro. It's easy to overlook the fact that the "glamorous" pro tour includes a lot more losers than it does winners.

Q: Do ordinary students in the Soviet Union—that is, kids who aren't put into special sports programs because of their extraordinary ability—also have to take phys. ed. in school?

A: Soviet practice resembles our own. Two hours of phys. ed. a week are generally required through high school. But it's a required course through the first two years of college as well. The Soviet government, however, places a much heavier emphasis on adult sports than our government does. There are more than 200,000 low-cost recreational sports clubs throughout the USSR where the average working stiff can go to keep in shape.

Q: A while back, I heard a lot about "biorhythms" affecting athletes' performances. When the emotional, physical and intellectual cycles were at their peak, the athletes were supposed to perform their best. Has anyone actually been able to prove that this is true at world-class levels?

A: Quite the opposite has been shown. While there have been lots of conflicting

claims for and against biorhythms, statistical researchers have come up with evidence which seems to cast doubt on the theory. One of the most damaging studies we've run across was conducted by professor R.M. Quigley of the Department of Human Movement Studies at the University of Queensland in Australia. Quigley studied the biorhythms of every man who set a metric world record in track and field between 1913 and 1977 (there were 700 of them). He found no links at all, and in a paper summarizing the results which he presented this spring at the annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine in Honolulu, Ha., Quigley concluded there was an "absence of any relationship between record-breaking performance and 'biorhythm' phase."



Q: Has there ever been a time when baseball batters were allowed more than three strikes or four balls during a turn at the plate?

A: During baseball's formative years in the 19th century, "standard practice" often varied from year to year and from place to place. Before 1880, it generally took nine balls to walk a man. Then, during the 1880's the rules began changing about as frequently as George Steinbrenner's opinion of Billy Martin. At various times during the decade it took eight, seven, six or five balls to put a man on. In 1889, the rule was standardized at four balls. And for one year—1887—it took four strikes to send a batter back to the dugout.

Q: I've always been amazed at how quickly athletes can move from a starting start—the way a sprinter explodes from the blocks or a gargantuan lineman blasts forward on the snap. How much time elapses between the moment the athlete's brain receives the signal to move and the muscles actually respond to the message?

A: The most basic human muscle reactions usually take much less than one-tenth of a second—the wink of an eye, for example, takes about .04 second. When a doctor tests your reflexes by tapping your knee, it takes the patellar tendon about .08 second to react. The more complex, voluntary movements require more time—usually between .125 and .250 second. If you watch a stop-action film of a top-class sprinter, for instance, you'll notice the first thrust of his body taking place at about the .125-second mark. As the task becomes more complex, reaction time increases. Professor Franklin M. Henry, who studied these types of things at the University of California, Berkeley, notes: "When complications such as discrimination between several stimuli and/or choice between several possible movements occur [the sort of problem that faces defensive players in every sport], the required time increases and may be as long as one-half second."

Q: I'm trying to teach my kid brother to dribble a basketball without looking at it. So far I haven't had any success. Do you have any suggestions?

A: Why don't you try one of the training tools that coaches often use to cure beginners of the same bad habit? These contraptions act like horse blinders except they block vision below the eye. They sit like a shelf on the bridge of the nose and are usually fastened around the head with a narrow strap. A fairly sophisticated sporting-goods store might stock them. They usually cost two or three dollars and go by such fetching names as "Dribble Aid" or "Kant Peek." If your local store doesn't carry them, go to your library and check a current copy of a magazine like *Scholastic Coach*. There are usually a couple of ads for them. If you've got a little ingenuity, you might save yourself a couple of bucks and rig up something yourself with cardboard and an elastic band.

Send your questions about exercise, health, nutrition, strategy, technique, equipment—anything that pertains to the sports you are into—*The Advisor*, *SPORT Magazine*, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

OVERTIME!

SPORT Quiz

GRADE YOURSELF

18-20 EXCELLENT

15-17 VERY GOOD

12-14 FAIR

1. Which AFC quarterback is *not* among the top ten all-time NFL passers?

- a. Bert Jones
- b. Ken Stabler
- c. Ken Anderson
- d. Bob Griese

2. Which NFL player did *not* have 50 or more lifetime interceptions at the start of the 1979 season?

- a. Ken Houston
- b. Paul Krause
- c. Emmitt Thomas

3. Who is the only player among the top ten active NFC interceptors (ninth), punt returners (sixth) and kickoff returners (eighth)?

4. Which is the only NFL team to have won all its overtime games since 1974?

- a. Green Bay Packers
- b. Oakland Raiders
- c. Los Angeles Rams

5. Which active college football coach with over 100 victories has the best lifetime winning percentage?

- a. Joe Paterno—Penn State
- b. Bo Schembechler—Michigan
- c. Charles McClendon—LSU

6. Who was the only quarterback to win the Heisman Trophy as a junior?

- a. Paul Hornung
- b. Roger Staubach
- c. Pat Sullivan

7. Which pitcher led his league twice in victories and defeats?

- a. Wilber Wood
- b. Steve Carlton
- c. Warren Spahn

8. Name the six active players to get 100 or more RBIs in a season in both leagues.

9. Who hit two home runs on the same day that he pitched a no-hitter?

- a. Don Drysdale
- b. Bob Gibson
- c. Rick Wise

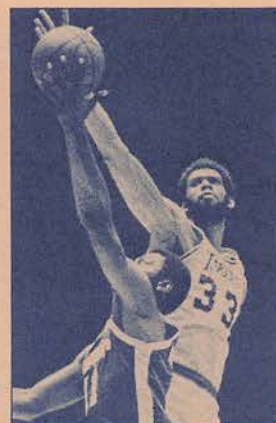
10. Who is the only active NBA player to block ten or more shots in a game more than five times in his career?



a. George Johnson



b. Elmore Smith



c. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

11. Which player did *not* win a scoring title in the same year that his team won the NBA championship?

- a. George Mikan
- b. Wilt Chamberlain
- c. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

12. Which team had last season's NBA leaders in steals and assists?

- a. Detroit Pistons
- b. Los Angeles Lakers
- c. Kansas City Kings

13. Match these former WHA stars with their original NHL team:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| a. Bill Flett | 1. Rangers |
| b. Serge Bernier | 2. Red Wings |
| c. Robbie Florek | 3. Kings |
| d. Dave Dryden | 4. Flyers |

14. Which golfer has *never* won four straight scheduled LPGA tour events?

- a. Kathy Whitworth



- b. Nancy Lopez
- c. Mickey Wright

15. Who scored the most points (798) in WHA history?

- a. Andre Lacroix
- b. Marc Tardif
- c. Bobby Hull

16. Which new NHL team *never* won the WHA championship?

- a. Hartford
- b. Edmonton
- c. Winnipeg
- d. Quebec

17. Which 50-goal scorer did *not* begin his career with the Montreal Canadiens?

- a. Mickey Redmond
- b. Danny Gare
- c. Danny Grant

18. Who was the youngest boxer (17) ever to win a world championship?

- a. Roberto Duran
- b. Wilfredo Benitez
- c. Willie Pep

19. In which sport did Babe Didrikson Zaharias *not* compete?

- a. tennis
- b. golf
- c. track and field

20. In the photo (left), a Minneapolis Laker and a Boston Celtic scramble for a loose ball in the 1959 NBA playoffs. One player holds the NBA record for fouling out of the most games. The other was known as the NBA's first "sixth man." Can you identify them?

For answers turn to page 72

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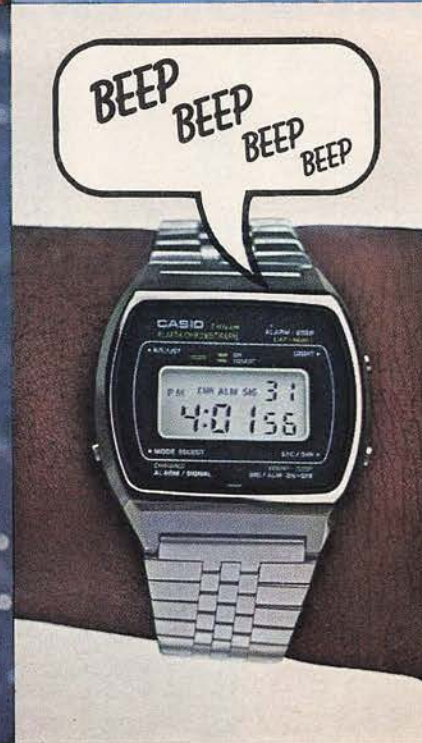
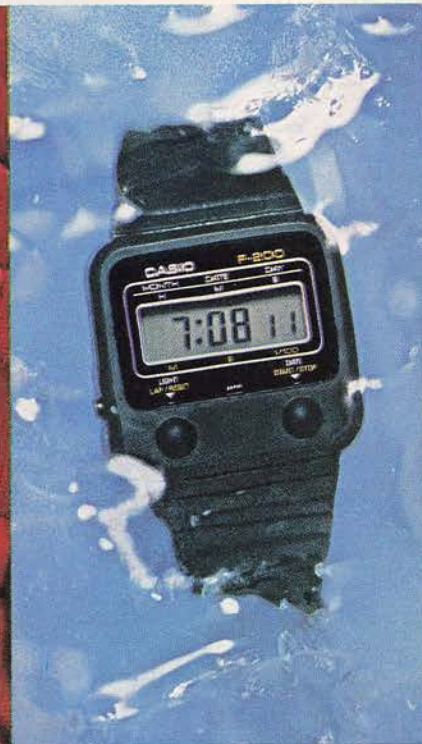
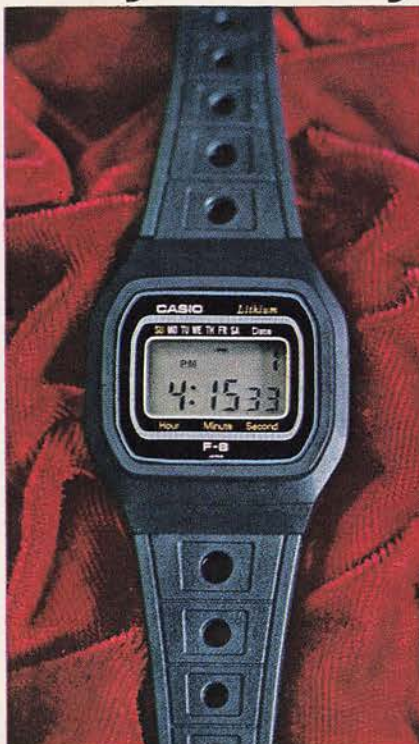
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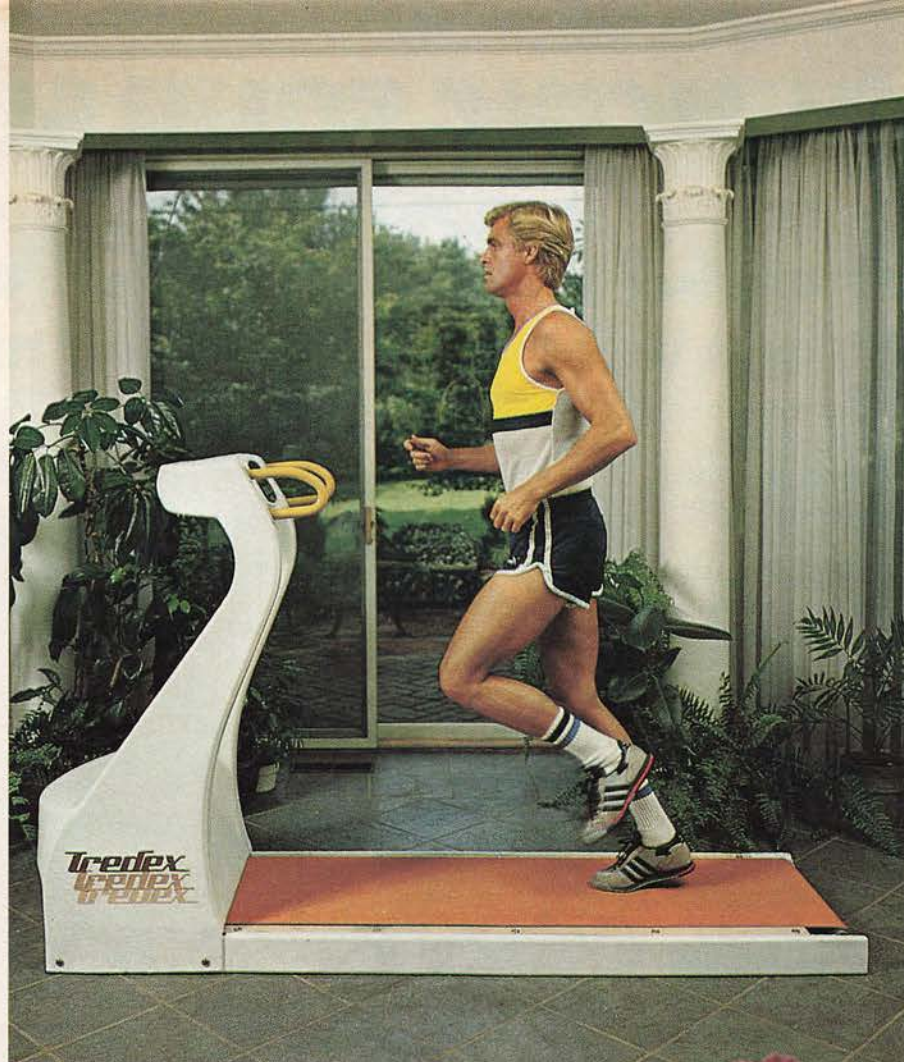
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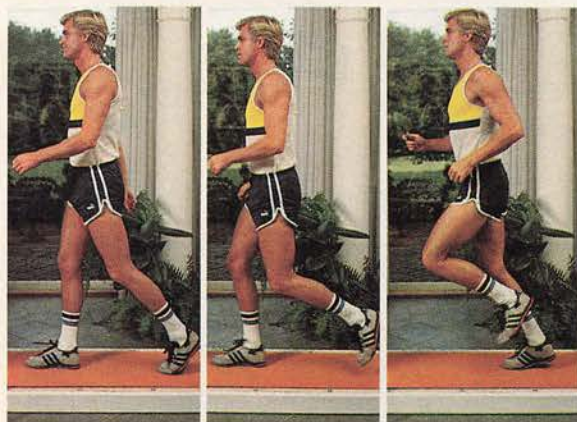


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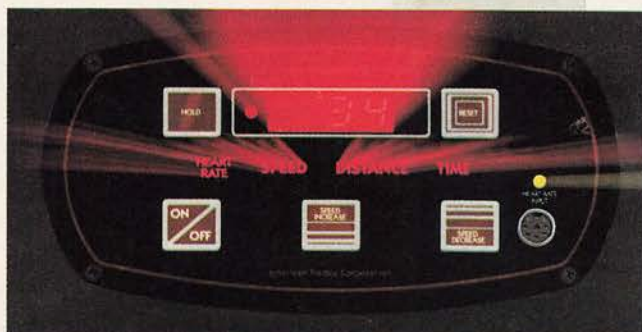
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RUNNING IN THE GREAT INDOORS

When the Abominable Snowmen Iced Dallas

by JERRY IZENBERG



The 1967 Cowboys came into Green Bay bent on revenge against the team that beat them in the NFL championship the year before. They were greeted by 13-below-zero weather and a cool-handed Starr

For a whole year, the Dallas Cowboys had lived with the thought that all that had separated them from a berth in the first Super Bowl was six lousy feet of sun-drenched turf on the floor of Cotton Bowl Stadium. They had four cracks at it, but Don Meredith could not put them over and the Cowboys lost to Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers, 34-27, the ultimate Super Bowl champs.

And now it was December 31, 1967 and the same Packers were standing between the Cowboys and the Super Bowl. But there was one difference. This wasn't the Cotton Bowl with the soft winter sunshine of Texas. This was Green Bay, Wis. with all the charm of a frozen-food locker and a backdrop fit only for penguins, Abominable Snowmen and the Green Bay Packers.

On the day before this frostbitten Armageddon, residents did not speak of the quarterbacks, Bart Starr and Don Meredith. They did not speak of the violent linemen, Bob Lilly and Willie Davis. They didn't even speak of the

two brilliant field marshals, Vince Lombardi and Tom Landry.

On the day before the two clubs met to decide who would earn the right to face the Oakland Raiders in Super Bowl II, the name you kept hearing was Sy Ullsperger. Mr. Ullsperger never caught a pass, kicked a field goal or blitzed a quarterback. He was the National Weather Service's man in Green Bay and 24 hours before the title match he casually said, "A cold air mass moving down from Canada will bring with it more fresh cold air."

That must have come as an enormous relief to that segment of Green Bay, Wis. who were worried that the city would run out of "fresh cold air." Green Bay needed more cold air that week about as much as Bart Starr needed a broken thumb.

On the morning of the game it was 13 degrees below zero and the wind-chill factor was dropping so fast it defied calculation. Snow drifts lay frozen solid on the sidelines and the wind hammered

continued



In a do-or-die play with 15 seconds left, the Pack went for the win instead of a tie (top) by sending Starr (15) plunging for a touchdown. Green Bay's frozen fans expected no less.

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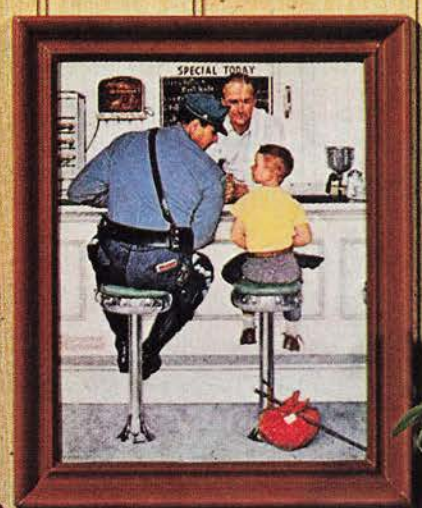
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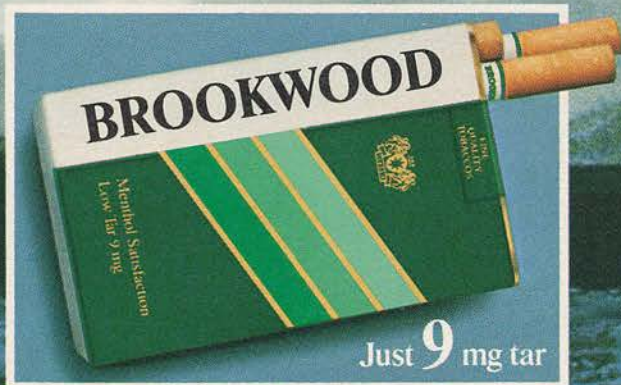
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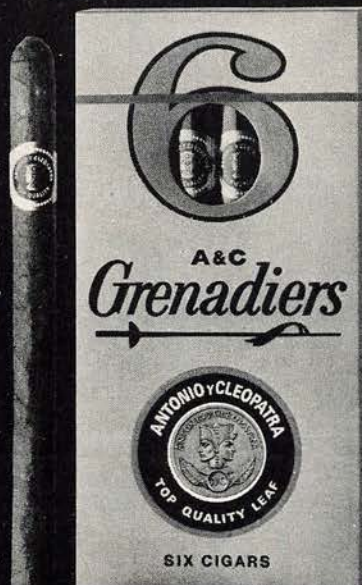
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Anniversary *continued*

Lambeau Field like a frozen spear.

Before the kickoff, the first casualty emerged—the entire University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse marching band. Faced with the prospect of stepping smartly into the cold and going through the rest of their lives with their mouths frozen in a perpetual pucker around coronet mouthpieces, the band packed its instruments and fled for its buses.

As the Packer and Cowboy team captains shivered out to the center of the field for the ceremonial coin toss, fans equipped with face masks, handwarmers, sterno-heated gloves and great doses of liquid courage staggered into the stadium. Dallas won the coin toss and considered electing to leave for Bermuda. Instead, it chose to receive, leaving the Packers to pick the goal with the wind at their backs, possibly on the theory that it would blow seven Dallas players backwards on the opening kickoff.

Afterward, Landry would say, "It was so cold out there you couldn't do the things you wanted to do." Cynics would insist this meant unreasonable things like walking without breaking your toes.

At the start, Bart Starr put the Packers on the board with twin touchdown passes to Boyd Dowler. And then along came Willie. Willie Townes was not expected to be the big factor in this game but the Dallas defensive end seemed to thrive on the Green Bay tundra. He combined with Bob Lilly to beat the hell out of Starr again and again. Willie's 260 pounds helped throw the Packer quarterback eight times for 76 yards in losses. By halftime, the Cowboys had crept to within 14-10.

In the fourth quarter, Dallas went on to pick up what might become the winning touchdown and the year-long revenge the team lusted for. Dallas did it with a surprise play. As every schoolboy who ever hid the morning line inside his algebra book knows, professional halfbacks are supposed to run with the ball, fall on the ball or block for the guy carrying the ball. The one thing they are not supposed to do is throw it.

Early in the final period, Cowboy halfback Dan Reeves took a pitch-out from Meredith and swept left behind an escort of blockers. Then he pulled up short and to the horror of both the partisan crowd and the stunned Packer defense, he cocked his arm and fired the football to Lance Rentzel. It added up to 50 yards and a Cowboy touchdown.

Dallas led, 17-14. It was cold and it was dark and for the second time in as many years, the Cowboys and the Packers were involved in a gut-wrenching drama. With the clock down to just 5:04

remaining, it suddenly came down to Bart Starr against the March of Time. It was familiar ground for Mr. Starr. He had been there so many times in the 12 previous years of his pro career that while nobody could say whether or not he would make it, every frozen heart in the joint knew how he would try.

Lombardi, the master planner, had prepared well against this day. He had nursed along a rookie running back from Texas Tech named Donny Anderson and when the reliable Elijah Pitts had been injured, the coach had picked up fullback Chuck Mercein from the New York Giants.

Starr used both of them on the dramatic drive. He used Boyd Dowler to catch passes and he even used guard Gale Gillingham—but not to block. He pulled Gillingham, the left guard, and ran him to the right, simulating a sweep, and then when the Dallas defense bought it, he slipped Mercein through the area Gillingham had vacated for eight yards to the Dallas three.

Starr handed off to Anderson for a first down at the one. Then he twice sent Anderson into the teeth of the furious Dallas rush line and twice Green Bay's glacier trembled just three feet short of glory. Dallas positively boxed Mr. Anderson's frostbitten ears.

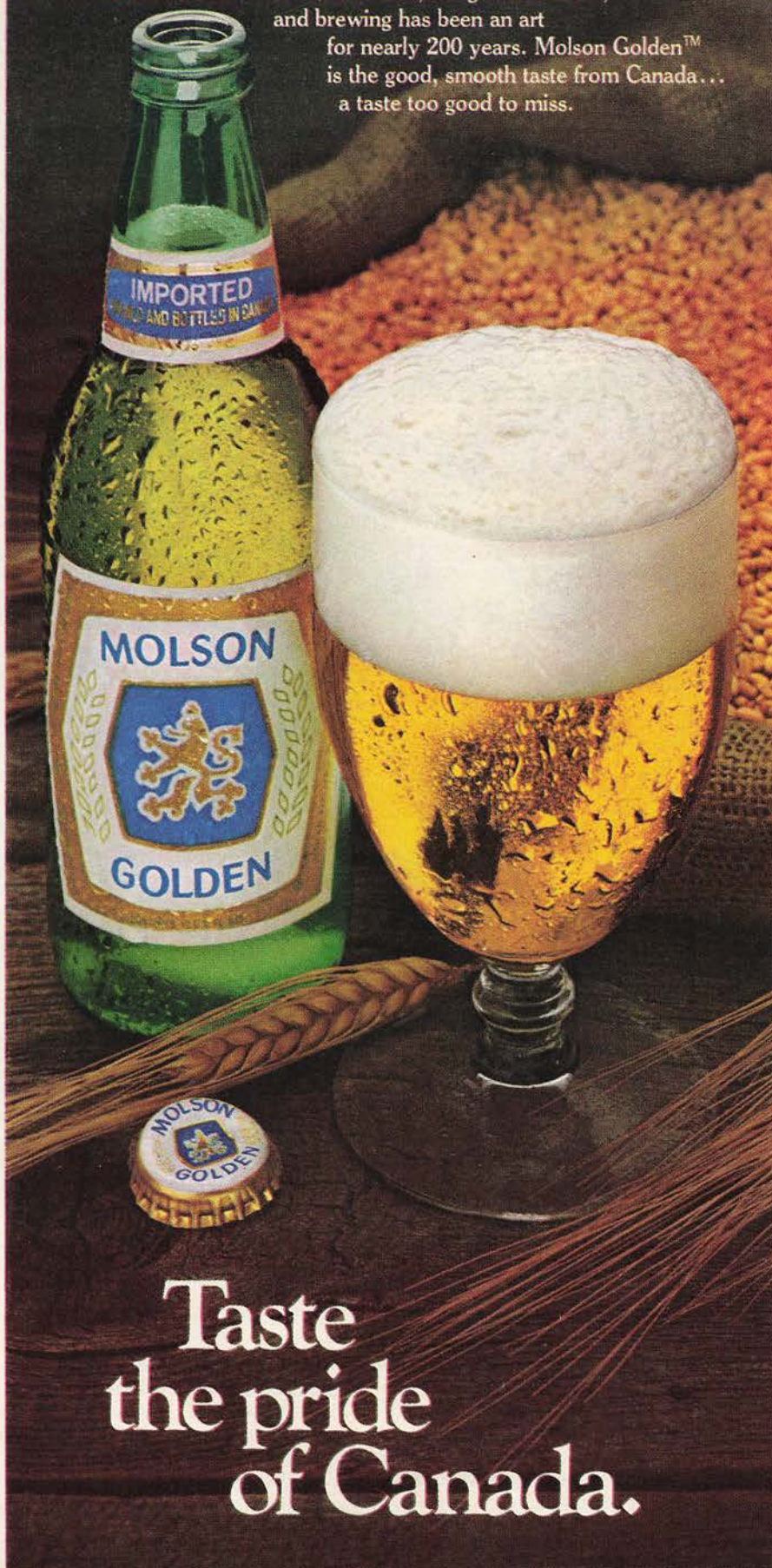
In the end it came down to Starr. A decision had to be made. Should Green Bay run a third-down play and fail, the time consumed in unpiling players would cost the Packers a chance for a cinch field goal, a tie and a shot at sudden-death victory. Should they go for the field goal now? Should they go for the win? Starr and Lombardi huddled near the sidelines.

The play was called "30 wedge" and it was as delicate as a firing squad. Starr took the ball and went straight ahead and to his right. Forest Gregg, the tackle, and Jerry Kramer, the guard, hit Willie Towne so hard he bounced. Starr rolled into the end zone with 15 seconds left to win it, 21-17.

The Packers, of course, went on the win the Super Bowl again. Kramer, whose efforts were highlighted on the replay films, became a best-selling author with his book *Instant Replay*. Gregg, who threw the "other half" of the block, ultimately coached the Browns. Starr now runs the Packers and Don Meredith is the other half of the Frick and Frack *Monday Night Football* color squad with Howard Cosell.

And the 50,861 cases of third-degree frostbite who left the stadium happy that night, went away with the oldest of Green Bay-Lombardi proverbs ringing in their ears: when you play a football game in the Himalayas, never bet against the Abominable Snowmen. □

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Wrong. The aerial act shown here really happened at last season's Northwestern-Iowa contest. Tired of just playing the same old boring game of catch-and-run, the usually mild-mannered Brad Reid, an Iowa wide receiver, decided to give his team a little lift—right in front of the camera of Cedar Rapids *Gazette* photographer John McIvor. Final score: Iowa 20, Northwestern 3. Too bad the Northwestern coaching staff didn't heed the warning in its scouting report: "Watch out for that No. 87," it said. "The boy can *really* fly."

Readers are invited to send in their own candidates for Photo Finish. Send newspaper clippings (not pictures) to Photo Finish Editor, SPORT Magazine, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Sorry, we can not return entries.

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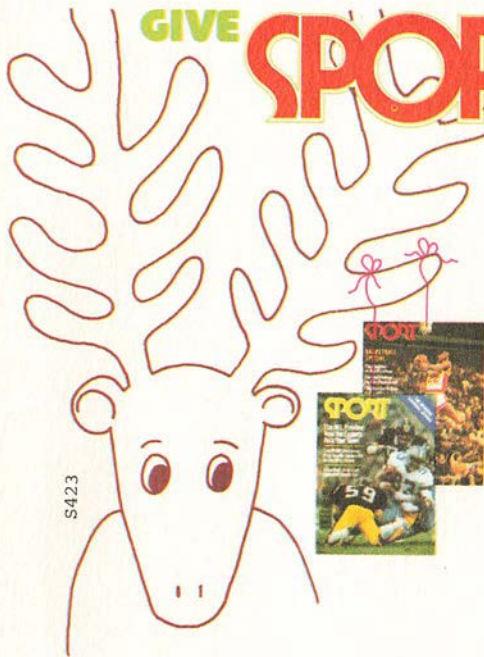
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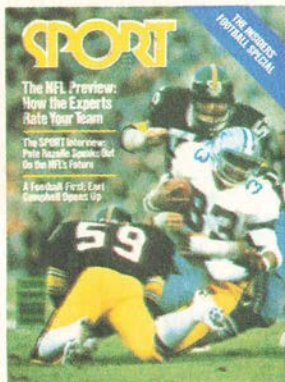
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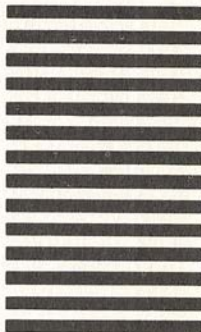
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Panasonic lets your eyes see what your ears can't wait to hear.

Panasonic Matched Components. For your eyes: Sleek, sophisticated lines, a contemporary look and a dazzling display of fluorescent meters and light emitting diodes.

But it's your ears that are in for a real treat with the RA-7700 (shown). It combines an astonishingly sensitive AM/FM tuner and power amplifier with 25 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms, both channels driven from 40-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.07% total harmonic distortion. Which translates into incredibly smooth, clean power. Its built-in cassette deck has Dolby[®] NR to virtually eliminate tape hiss. And Tape Program Sensor that automatically finds the beginning of a recorded selection on your favorite cassette.



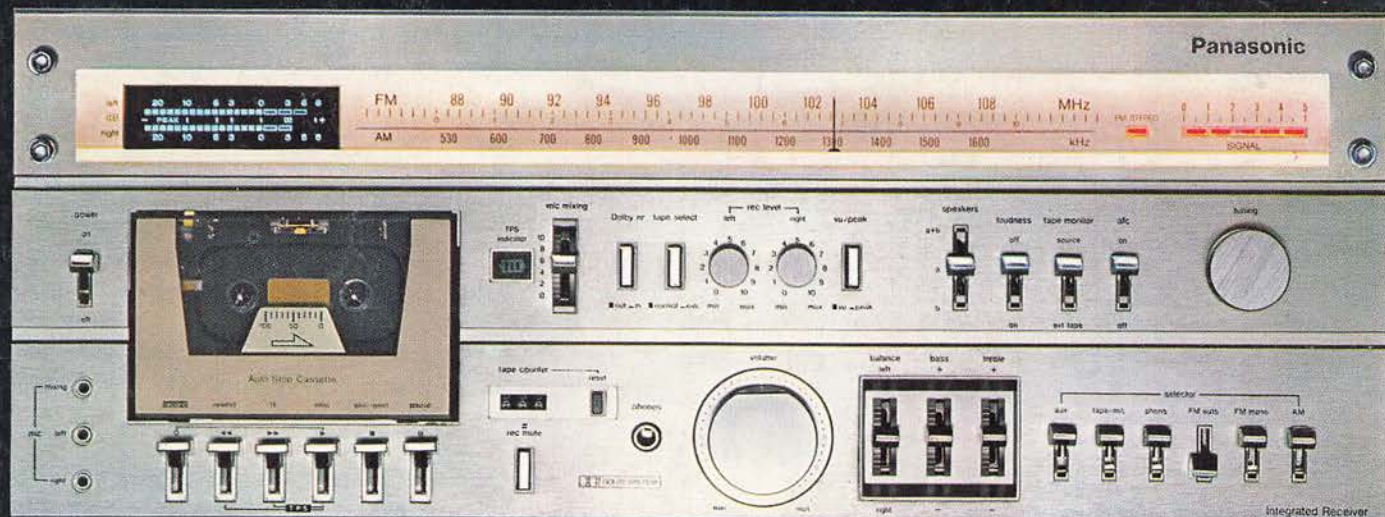
More delights for the ear: There's the 12" direct-drive fully automatic turntable (SL-H401) with inaudible wow and flutter (0.03% WRMS) and rumble (-73dB DIN B). And Thrusters[®] speakers (SB-800) with 8" Double Drivers for a wide, full midrange. A 1" soft-dome tweeter for crisp highs. And a 12" passive radiator for an extra thrust of bass.

Your Panasonic dealer can show you a complete range of surprisingly affordable Matched Components that go together for a sound system built to delight your ears. And your eyes: Especially when they come together in our specially designed compo-

nent rack, shown above.

Panasonic Matched Components. It's hi-fi without the hassle.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.
*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories



Matched Components
Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.